

PR

5214

.R4

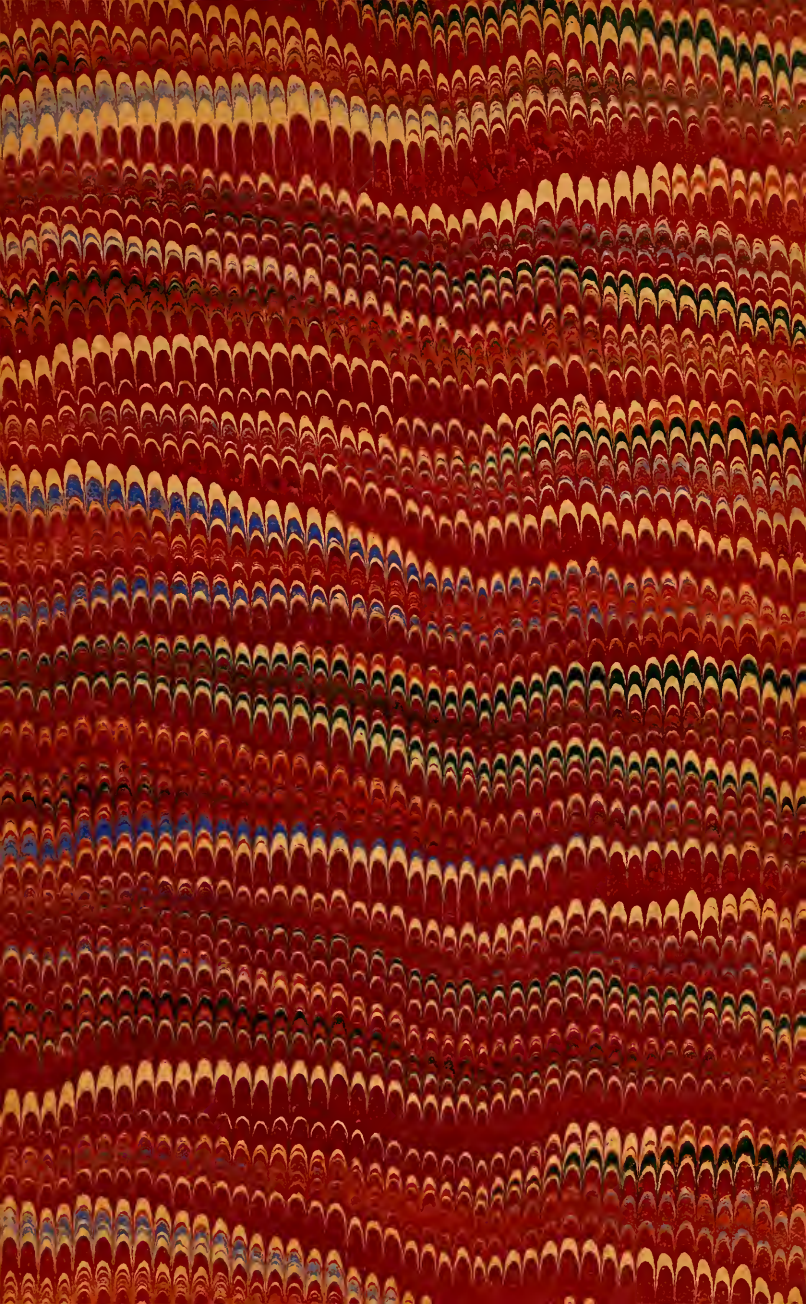
1887

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PR 5214 Copyright No.

Shelf R4 1887

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.







LOVELL'S LIBRARY

TRI-WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE BEST CURRENT & STANDARD LITERATURE



Vol. 19. No. 919. April 11 1887. Annual Subscription, \$20.00

READIANA

BY

CHARLES READE

AUTHOR OF "GRIFFITH GAUNT," "FOUL PLAY," ETC., ETC.

Entered at the Post Office, N. Y., as second-class matter. Copyright, 1884, by JOHN W. LOVELL Co.



NEW-YORK
 + JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY +
 14 & 16 VESEY STREET

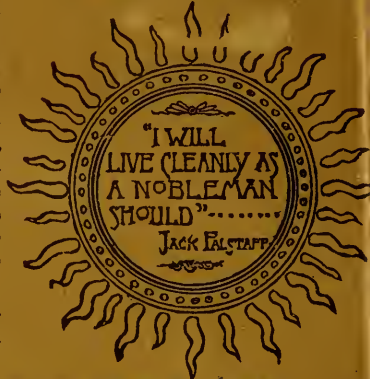


EGATTA SILKS } FOR SALE BY
 LEADING HOUSES.

Know All Women BY THESE PRESENTS, THAT while sundry and almost countless imitations of and substitutes for Enoch Morgan's Sons Sapolio are offered by unscrupulous parties, who do not hesitate to represent them as the original article,

This Indenture WITNESSETH, THAT there is but one Sapolio, to wit:—the original article manufactured by the Enoch Morgan's Sons Co., of New York, unsurpassed in quality, unexcelled in popularity, and widely known not only through its own merits, but through the many original modes which have been adopted to introduce it to the attention of the public. Imitation is the sincerest flattery. Cheapness is a poor proof of quality. Cheap imitations are doubly doubtful. The most critical communities are the most liberal purchasers of Sapolio which they invariably find to be worth the price they pay for it.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, we hereby affix a great seal and our corporate title.



ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

ESTABLISHED HALF A CENTURY.

MARVIN'S
FIRE & BURGLAR
SAFES

HAVE MANY PATENTED IMPROVEMENTS
NOT FOUND IN OTHER MAKES
THAT WILL WELL REPAY AN
INVESTIGATION
BY THOSE WHO DESIRE TO SECURE
THE BEST SAFE
MARVIN SAFE CO.

NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA,
LONDON. ENGLAND.

DR. SCOTT'S ELECTRIC CORSETS AND BELTS.

Corsets, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$3.00. Belts, \$3.00. Nursing Corset, Price, \$1.50. Abdominal Corset, Price, \$3.00.

Seventeen thousand families in the City of New York alone are now wearing them daily. Every Man and Women, well or ill, should daily wear either the Corset or Belt.

OUR CORSETS ARE DOUBLE STITCHED AND WILL NOT RIP.

If you have any pain, ache, or ill-feeling from any cause, if you seem "pretty well," yet lack energy and do not "feel up to the mark," if you suffer from disease, we beg you to at once try these remarkable curatives. They cannot and do not injure like medicine. Always doing good, never harm. There is no shock or sensation felt in wearing them. *Every mail brings us testimonials like the following:*

THE CELEBRATED DR. W. A. HAMMOND, of New York, formerly Surgeon-General of the U. S. Army, lately lectured upon this subject, and advised all medical men to make trial of these agencies, describing at the same time most remarkable cures he had made, even in cases which would seem hopeless.

The Corsets do not differ in appearance from those usually worn. They are elegant in shape and finish, made after the best French pattern, and warranted satisfactory in every respect. Our Belts for both gents and ladies are the genuine Dr. Scott's and are reliable.

The prices are as follows: \$1, \$1.50, \$2 and \$3 for the Corsets, and \$3 each for the Belts. The accompanying cut represents our No. 2, or \$1.50 Corset.

We have also a beautiful French shaped Sateen Corset at \$3, also a fine Sateen Abdominal Corset at \$3, and a short Sateen Corset at \$2. The \$1 and \$1.50 goods are made of fine Jean, elegant in shape, strong and durable. Nursing Corsets, \$1.50; Misses, 75c. All are double stitched. Gents' and Ladies' Belts, \$3 each; Ladies' Abdominal Supporter, an invaluable article, \$12. They are sent out in a handsome box, accompanied by a silver-plated compass by which the Electro Magnetic influence can be tested. If you cannot find them in your dry goods store, remit to us direct. We will send either kind to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, with 20 cents added for packing and postage.

Dr. Scott's Electric Hair Brushes, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00; Flesh Brushes, \$3.00; Dr. Scott's Electric Tooth Brushes, 50 cents; Insoles, 50 cents; CHEST PROTECTOR, \$3.00; ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER, 50 cents; LUNG AND NERVE INVIGORATORS, \$5.00 and \$10.00.

A GREAT SUCCESS A Good Live Canvassing Agent WANTED in your town for these splendidly advertised and best selling goods in the market. LIBERAL PAY, QUICK SALES. Satisfaction guaranteed. Apply at once. GEO. A. SCOTT, 842 Broadway, N. Y.



We guarantee safe delivery into your hands. Remit in Post-Office Money-order, Draft, Check, or in Currency by Registered Letter at our risk. In ordering kindly mention *Lowell's Library*, and state exact size of corset usually worn. Make all remittances payable to GEO.

A. SCOTT, 842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

N. B.—Each article is stamped with the English coat-of-arms, and the name of the Proprietors, THE PALL MALL ELECTRIC ASSOCIATION.

Hollis Centre, Me.

I suffered severely from back trouble for years and found no relief till I wore Dr Scott's Electric Corsets. They cured me, and I would not be without them. MRS. H. D. BENSON.

Memphis, Tennessee

Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have given me much relief. I suffered four years with breast trouble, without finding any benefit from other remedies. They are invaluable.

MRS. JAS. CAMPBELL

De Witt, N. Y.

I have an invalid sister who had not been dressed for a year. She has worn Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets for two weeks, and is now able to be dressed and sit up most of the time.

MELVA J. DOE.

Newark, N. Y.

Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets have entirely cured me of muscular rheumatism, and also of severe case of headache.

MRS. L. C. SPENCER.

Chambersburg, Pa.

I found Dr. Scott's Electric Corsets possessed miraculous power in stimulating and invigorating my enfeebled body, and the Hair Brush had a magic effect on my scalp. MRS. T. E. SNYDER,

Fancy Goods Dealer.

ABANDON PHYSIC! GLUTEN SUPPOSITORIES

Cure Constipation and Piles!

DR. A. W. THOMPSON, Northampton, Mass., says: "I have tested the Gluten Suppositories, and consider them valuable, as indeed, I expected from the excellence of their theory."

DR. WM. TOD HELMUTH declares the Gluten Suppositories to be "the best remedy for constipation which I have ever prescribed."

"As Sancho Panza said of sleep, so I say of your Gluten Suppositories: God bless the man who invented them!"—E. L. RIPLEY, Burlington, Vt.

50 Cents by Mail. Circulars Free.

HEALTH FOOD CO., 4th Avenue and 10th St., N. Y.

THE BEST UTTERANCE

— ON THE —

LABOR QUESTION.

"Solutions Sociales," translated by Marie Howland.

"SOCIAL SOLUTIONS," a semi-monthly pamphlet, containing each a twelfth part of an admirable English translation of M. Godin's statement of the course of study which led him to conceive the Social Palace at Guise, France. There is no question that this publication makes an era in the growth of the labor question. It should serve as the manual for organized labor in its present contest, since its teachings will as surely lead to the destruction of the wages system as the abolition movement lead to that of chattel slavery. Each number contains articles of importance, besides the portion of the translation. Many of these are translated from M. Godin's contributions to the socialistic propaganda in Europe.

Published as regular issues of the "LOVELL LIBRARY," by the John W. Lovell Company, 14 and 16 Vesey Street, New York, N. Y., at ten cents per number; the subscription of \$1.00 secures the delivery of the complete series.

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY,

14 and 16 Vesey Street.

NEW YORK.

READIANA

BY

CHARLES READE

AUTHOR OF "FOUL PLAY," "VERY HARD CASH," ETC., ETC.

NEW YORK

JOHN W. LOVELL COMPANY

14 AND 16 VESEY STREET

1887

PR 5214
R4
1887

CHARLES READE'S WORKS

CONTAINED IN LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

NO.		PRICE.
28	Singleheart and Doubleface,	10C.
415	A Perilous Secret,	20C.
759	Foul Play,	20C.

READIANA:

COMMENTS ON CURRENT EVENTS.

BY CHARLES READE.

THE BOX TUNNEL.

A FACT.

THE 10.15 train glided from Paddington, May 7, 1847. In the left compartment of a certain first-class carriage were four passengers; of these, two were worth description. The lady had a smooth, white delicate brow, strongly marked eyebrows, long lashes, eyes that seemed to change color, and a good-sized delicious mouth, with teeth as white as milk. A man could not see her nose for her eyes and mouth; her own sex could and would have told us some nonsense about it. She wore an unpretending grayish dress, buttoned to the throat, with lozenge-shaped buttons, and a Scotch shawl that agreeably evaded the responsibility of color. She was like a duck, so tight her plain feathers fitted her; and there she sat, smooth, snug and delicious, with a book in her hand and a *soupeon* of her snowy wrist just visible as she held it. Her opposite neighbor was what I call a good style of man—the more to his credit, since he belonged to a corporation, that frequently turns out the worst imaginable style of young man. He was a cavalry officer, aged twenty-five. He had a mustache, but not a repulsive one; not one of those sub-nasal pig-tails, on which soup is suspended like dew on a shrub; it was short, thick, and black as a coal. His teeth had not yet been turned by tobacco smoke to the color of tobacco juice, his clothes did not stick to nor hang on him, they sat on him; he had an engaging smile, and, what I like the dog for, his vanity, which was inordinate, was in its proper place, his heart, not in his face, jostling mine and other people's, who have none:—in a word, he was what one oftener hears of than meets, a *young gentleman*. He was conversing, in an animated whisper, with a companion, a fellow-officer—they were talking about, what it is far better not to do, women. Our friend clearly did not wish to be overheard, for he cast, ever and anon, a furtive glance at his fair *vis-a-vis* and lowered his voice. She seemed completely absorbed in her look, and that reassured him. At

last the two soldiers came down to a whisper, and in that whisper (the truth must be told) the one who got down at Slough, and was lost to posterity, bet ten pounds to three, that he, who was going down with us to Bath and immortality, would not kiss either of the ladies opposite upon the road. "Done! Done!" Now I am sorry a man I have hitherto praised should have lent himself, even in a whisper, to such a speculation: "but nobody is wise at all hours," not even when the clock is striking five-and-twenty; and you are to consider his profession, his good looks, and the temptation—ten to three.

After Slough the party was reduced to three; at Twyford one lady dropped her handkerchief; Captain Dolignan fell on it like a tiger and returned it like a lamb; two or three words were interchanged on that occasion. At Reading the Marlborough of our tale made one of the safe investments of that day; he bought a *Times* and a *Punch*; the latter was full of steel-pen thrusts and wood-cuts. Valor and beauty deigned to laugh at some inflated humbug or other punctured by *Punch*. Now laughing together thaws our human ice; long before Swindon it was a talking match—at Swindon who so devoted as Captain Dolignan—he handed them out—he souped them—he tough-chickened them—he brandied and cochinealed* one, and he brandied and burnt-sugared the other; on their return to the carriage one lady passed into the inner compartment to inspect a certain gentleman's seat on that side the line.

Reader, had it been you or I, the beauty would have been the deserter, the average one would have stayed with us till all was blue, ourselves included; not more surely does our slice of bread and butter, when it escapes from our hand, revolve it ever so often, alight face downward on the carpet. But this was a bit of a fop, Adonis, dragoon—so Venus remained in *tete-a-tete* with him. You have seen a dog meet an unknown female of his species: how handsome, how *empresse*, how expressive he becomes; such was Dolignan after Swindon, and, to do the dog justice, he got handsomer and handsomer; and you have seen a cat conscious of approaching cream—such was Miss Haythorn; she became demurer and demurer; presently our captain looked out of window and laughed: this elicited an inquiring look from Miss Haythorn.

"We are only a mile from the Box Tunnel."

"Do you always laugh a mile from the Box Tunnel?" said the lady.

"Invariably."

"What for?"

"Why! -hem!—it is a gentleman's joke."

"O, I don't mind its being silly, if it makes me laugh." Captain Dolignan, thus encouraged, recounted to Miss Haythorn the following: "A lady and her husband sat together going through the Box Tunnel—there was one gentleman opposite; it was pitch dark; after the tunnel the lady said, 'George, how ab-

* This is supposed to allude to two decoctions called port and sherry and imagined by one earthly nation to partake of a vinous nature.

surd of you to salute me going through the tunnel!"—"I did no such thing."—"You didn't?"—"No! why?"—"Why, because somehow I thought you did." Here Captain Dolignan laughed, and endeavored to lead his companion to laugh, but it was not to be done. The train entered the tunnel.

Miss Haythorn. "Ah!"

Dolignan. "What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn. "I am frightened."

Dolignan (moving to her side). "Pray do not be alarmed I am near you."

Miss Haythorn. "You *are* near me, very near me indeed, Captain Dolignan."

Dolignan. "You know my name!"

Miss Haythorn. "I heard your friend mention it. I wish we were out of this dark place."

Dolignan. "I could be content to spend hours here, reassuring you, sweet lady."

Miss Haythorn. "Nonsense!"

Dolignan. "Pweep!" (Grave reader, do not put your lips to the cheek of the next pretty creature you meet, or you will understand what this means).

Miss Haythorn. "Ee! Ee! Ee!"

Friend. "What is the matter?"

Miss Haythorn. "Open the door!—open the door!"

The door was opened. There was a sound of hurried whispers, the door was shut and the blind pulled down with hostile sharpness. Miss Haythorn's scream lost part of its effect because the engine whistled forty thousand murders at the same moment: and fictitious grief makes itself heard when real cannot.

Between the tunnel and Bath our young friend had time to ask himself whether his conduct had been marked by that delicate reserve which is supposed to distinguish the perfect gentleman.

With a long face, real or feigned, he held open the door—his late friends attempted to escape on the other side—impossible! they must pass him. She whom he had insulted (Latin for kissed) deposited somewhere at his foot a look of gentle blushing reproach: the other, whom he had not insulted, darted red-hot daggers at him from her eyes, and so they parted.

It was perhaps fortunate for Dolignan that he had the grace to be friends with Major Hoskyns of his regiment, a veteran laughed at by the youngsters, for the major was too apt to look coldly upon billiard balls and cigars; he had seen cannon balls and linestocks. He had also, to tell the truth, swallowed a good bit of the mess-room poker, but with it some sort of moral poker, which made it as impossible for Major Hoskyns to descend to an ungentlemanlike word or action as to brush his own trousers below the knee.

Captain Dolignan told this gentleman his story in gleeful accents, but Major Hoskyns heard him coldly, and as coldly answered that he had known a man to lose his life for the same thing. "That is nothing," continued the major, "but unfortunately he deserved to lose it."

At this the blood mounted to the younger man's temples, and his senior added: "I mean to say he was thirty-five; you, I presume, are twenty-one!"

"Twenty-five."

"That is much the same thing. Will you be advised by me?"

"If you will advise me."

"Speak to no one of this, and send White the £3 that he may think you have lost the bet."

"That is hard when I won it."

"Do it for all that, sir."

Let the disbelievers in human perfectibility know that this dragon capable of a blush did this virtuous action, albeit with violent reluctance; and it was his first damper. A week after these events, he was at a ball. He was in that state of factitious discontent which belongs to us amiable English. He was looking, in vain, for a lady, equal in personal attraction to the idea he had formed of George Dolignan as a man, when suddenly there glided past him a most delightful vision, a lady whose beauty and symmetry took him by the eyes. Another look: "It can't be!—Yes, it is!" Miss Haytborn—(not that he knew her name!)—but what an apotheosis!

The duck had become a pea-hen—radiant, dazzling; she looked twice as beautiful and almost twice as large as before. He lost sight of her. He found her again. She was so lovely she made him ill—and he, alone, must not dance with her, nor speak to her. If he had been content to begin her acquaintance in the usual way, it might have ended in kissing, but having begun with kissing it must end in nothing. As she danced, sparks of beauty fell from her on all around, but him—she did not see him; it was clear she never would see him. One gentleman was particularly assiduous; she smiled on his assiduity; he was ugly, but she smiled on him. Dolignan was surprised at his success, his ill taste, his ugliness, his impertinence. Dolignan at last found himself injured. "Who was this man? and what right had he to go on so? He had never kissed her, I suppose," said Dolly. Dolignan could not prove it, but he felt that, somehow, the rights of property were invaded. He went home and dreamed of Miss Haythorn, and hated all the ugly successful.* He spent a fortnight trying to find out who this beauty was—he never could encounter her again. At last he heard of her in this way: a lawyer's clerk paid him a visit and commenced a little action against him, in the name of Miss Haythorn, for insulting her in a railway train.

The young gentleman was shocked; endeavored to soften the lawyer's clerk; that machine did not thoroughly comprehend the meaning of the term. The lady's name, however, was at last revealed by this untoward incident; from her name to her address was but a short step, and the same day our crestfallen hero lay in wait at her door, and many a succeeding day, without effect.

* When our successful rival is ugly the blow is doubly severe, crushing—we fall by bludgeon: we who thought the keenest rapier might perchance thrust at us in vain,

But one fine afternoon she issued forth quite naturally, as if she did it every day, and walked briskly on the nearest parade. Dolignan did the same, he met and passed her many times on the parade, and searched for pity in her eyes, but found neither look, nor recognition, nor any other sentiment; for all this she walked and walked, till all the other promenaders were tired and gone—then her culprit summoned resolution, and taking off his hat, with a voice tremulous for the first time, besought permission to address her. She stopped, blushed, and neither acknowledged nor disowned his acquaintance. He blushed, stammered out how ashamed he was, how he deserved to be punished, how he *was* punished, how little she knew how unhappy he was: and concluded by begging her not to let all the world know the disgrace of a man who was already mortified enough by the loss of her acquaintance. She asked an explanation; he told her of the action that had been commenced in her name; she gently shrugged her shoulders, and said, "How stupid they are." Emboldened by this, he begged to know whether or not a life of distant, unpretending devotion would, after a lapse of years, erase the memory of his madness—his crime?

"She did not know."

"She must now bid him adieu, as she had some preparations to make for a ball in the Crescent, where *everybody was to be.*" They parted, and Dolignan determined to be at the ball where everybody was to be. He was there, and after some time he obtained an introduction to Miss Haythorn, and he danced with her. Her manner was gracious. With the wonderful tact of her sex, she seemed to have commenced the acquaintance that evening. That night, for the first time, Dolignan was in love. I will spare the reader all a lover's arts, by which he succeeded in dining where she dined, in dancing where she danced, in overtaking her by accident when she rode. His devotion followed her even to church, where our dragoon was rewarded by learning there is a world where they neither polk nor smoke—the two capital abominations of this one.

He made acquaintance with her uncle, who liked him, and he saw at last, with joy, that her eye loved to dwell upon him, when she thought he did not observe her.

It was three months after the Box Tunnel that Captain Dolignan called one day upon Captain Haythorn, R. N., whom he had met twice in his life, and slightly propitiated by resolutely listening to a cutting-out expedition; he called, and in the usual way, asked permission to pay his addresses to his daughter. The worthy Captain straightway began doing Quarter-Deck, when suddenly he was summoned from the apartment by a mysterious message. On his return he announced, with a total change of voice, that "it was all right, and his vi-itor might run alongside as soon as he chose." My reader has divined the truth; this nautical commander, terrible to the foe, was in complete and happy subjugation to his daughter, our heroine.

As he was taking leave, Dolignan saw his divinity glide into the drawing-room. He followed her, observed a sweet consciousness which encouraged him; that consciousness deepened

into confusion—she tried to laugh, she cried instead, and then she smiled again; and when he kissed her at the door, it was “George,” and “Marian,” instead of Captain this, and Miss the other. A reasonable time after this (for my tale is merciful and skips formalities and torturing delays) these two were very happy—they were once more upon the railroad, going to enjoy the honeymoon all by themselves. Marian Dolignon was dressed just as before—duck-like, and delicious; all bright except her clothes; but George sat beside her this time instead of opposite; and she drank him in gently from under her long eye-lashes. “Marian,” said George, “married people should tell each other all. Will you ever forgive me if I own to you—no——”

“Yes! yes!”

“Well, then! you remember Box Tunnel” (this was the first allusion he had ventured to it), “I am ashamed to say I had bet £3 to £10 with White, I would kiss one of you two ladies;” and George, pathetic externally, chuckled within.

“I know that, George; I overheard you,” was the demure reply.

“O, you overheard me?—impossible.”

“And did you not hear me whisper to my companion? I made a bet with her.”

“You made a bet?—how singular! What was it?”

“Only a pair of gloves, George.”

“Yes, I know, but what about?”

“That, if you did, you should be my husband, dearest.”

“Oh!—but stay: then you could not have been so very angry with me, love; why, dearest, then who brought that action against me?”

Mrs. Dolignon looked down.

“I was afraid you were forgetting me. George, you will never forgive me?”

“Sweet angel!—why, there is the Box Tunnel.”

Now reader—fie!—no! no such thing! You can't expect to be indulged in this way every time we come to a dark place. Besides, it is not the thing. Consider two sensible married people—no such phenomenon, I assure you, took place; no scream issued in hopeless rivalry of the engine—this time.

— o —

A BRAVE WOMAN.

THE public itches to hear what people of rank and reputation do and say, however trivial. We defer to this taste: and that gives us a right to gratify our own now and then, by presenting what may be called the reverse picture, the remarkable acts, or sufferings, or qualities, of persons unknown to society, because society is a clique; and to fame, because fame is partial.

In this spirit we shall tell our readers a few facts about a person we are not likely to misjudge, for we do not know her even by sight.

31st of August, 1878, a train left Margate for London by the Chatham and Dover line. At Sittingbourne the pointsman

turned the points the wrong way, and the train dashed into a shunted train at full speed. The engine, tender, and leading carriages were crushed together and piled over one another. The nearest passengers were chatting merrily one moment, and dead, dying, or mutilated, the next.

Nearest the engine was a third-class carriage, and in its furthest compartment sat a Mrs. Freeland, who in her youth had led an adventurous life in the colonies, but now in middle age had returned to mother England for peace and quiet. She felt a crash and heard a hissing, and for one moment saw the tender bursting through the compartments toward her; then she was hurled down upon her face with some awful weight upon her, and wedged immovable in a *debris* of fractured iron, splintered wood, shattered glass and mutilated bodies.

In a few minutes people ran to help, but in that excited state which sometimes aggravates these dire calamities. First they were for dragging her out by force; but she was self-possessed, and said; "Pray, be calm, and don't attempt it; I am fast by the legs, and a great weight on my back."

Then they were for breaking into the carriage from above; but she called to them, "Please don't do that—the roof is broken, and you don't know what you may bring down upon us."

Thus advised by the person most likely to lose her head, one would think, they effected an entrance at the sides. They removed from her back an iron wheel and a dead body, and they sawed round her jammed and lacerated limbs, and at last with difficulty carried out a lady with her boots torn and filled with blood, her clothes in ribbons, her face pouring blood, her back apparently broken, and her right leg furrowed all down to the very foot with a gaping wound, that laid bare the sinews, besides numberless contusions and smaller injuries. They laid her on a mat upon the platform, and there she remained, refusing many offers of brandy, and waiting for a surgeon.

None came for a long time and benevolent Nature, so-called, sent a heavy rain. At last, in three quarters of an hour, surgeons arrived, and one of them removed her on her mat into a shed, that let in only part of the rain. He found her spine injured, took a double handful of splinters, wood, and glass, out of her head and face, and then examined her leg. He looked aghast at the awful furrow. The sufferer said quietly, "I should like a stitch or two put into that." The surgeon looked at her in amazement. "Can you bear it?" She said: "I think so."

He said she had better fortify herself with a little brandy. She objected to that as useless. But he insisted, and the awful furrow was stitched up in silk. This done he told her she had better be removed to the Infirmary at Chatham,

"Army surgeons?" said she. "No, thank you. I shall go to a London hospital."

Being immovable in this resolution, she had to wait three hours for a train.

At last she was sent up to London, lying upon a mat on the floor of a carriage, hashed, as we have described, and soaked with rain. From the London station she was conveyed on a

stretcher to St. George's Hospital. There they discovered many grave injuries, admired her for her courage and wisdom in having her wounded leg sewn up at once, but told her with regret that to be effectual it must be secured with silver points, and that without delay.

"Very well," said she, patiently; "but give me chloroform, for I am worn out."

The surgeon said: "If you *could* endure it without chloroform it would be better." He saw she had the courage of ten men.

"Well," said she, "let me have somebody's hand to hold, and I will try to bear it."

A sympathizing young surgeon gave this brave woman his hand; and she bore to have the silk threads removed, and thirty little silver skewers passed and repassed through her quivering flesh, sixty wounds to patch up one. It afterward transpired that the good surgeon was only reserving chloroform for the amputation he thought must follow, having little hope of saving such a leg.

Whatever charity and science—united in our hospitals, though disunited in those dark hells where God's innocent creatures are cut up alive out of curiosity—could do, was done for her at St. George's Hospital; the wounded leg was saved, and in three weeks the patient was carried home. But the deeper injuries seemed to get worse. She lay six months on her back, and after that was lame and broken and aching from head to foot for nearly a year. As soon as she could crawl about she busied herself in relieving the sick and the poor, according to her means.

Fifteen months after the railway accident, a new and mysterious injury began to show itself; severe internal pains, accompanied with wasting, which was quite a new feature in the case. This brought her to death's door after all.

But, when faint hopes were entertained of her recovery, the malady declared itself—an abscess in the intestines. It broke, and left the sufferer prostrate, but out of danger.

Unfortunately, in about a month another formed, and laid her low again, until it gave way like its predecessor. And that has now been her life for months; constantly growing these agonizing things, of which a single one is generally fatal.

In one of her short intervals of peace a friend of hers, Major Mercier, represented to her the merits and the difficulties of a certain hospital for diseases of the skin. Instantly this brave woman sets to work and lives for other afflicted persons. She fights the good fight, talks, writes, persuades, insists, obtains the public support of five duchesses, five marchionesses, thirty-two countesses, and a hundred ladies of rank, and also of many celebrated characters; obtains subscriptions, organizes a grand bazaar, etc., for this worthy object.

Now, as a general rule, permanent invalids fall into egotism; but here is a lady, not only an invalid, but a sufferer, and indeed, knocked down by suffering half her time; yet with undaunted heart, and charitable, unselfish soul, she struggles and works for others, whose maladies are after all much lighter than her own.

Ought so much misfortune and merit to receive no public

notice? Ought so rare a union of male fortitude and womanly pity to suffer and relieve without a word of praise? Why to us, who judge by things, not names, this seems some heroic figure strayed out of Antiquity into an age of little men and women, who howl at the scratch of a pin.

Such a character deserves to be sung by some Christian poet; but as poetasters are many and poets are few, Mrs. Rosa Freeland, brave, suffering and charitable, is chronicled in the prose of "Fact."

A BAD FALL.

TO THE EDITOR OF "FACT."

SIR,—I sometimes get provoked with the British workman—and say so. He comes into my house to do a day's work, and goes out again to fetch the tool he knew he should want, and does not come back till after breakfast. Then I think I have got him. But no; he sharpens his tools and goes out for a whet. Even when he is at work he is always going into the kitchen for hot water, or a hot coal, or the loan of a pair of tongs, or some other blind. My maids, who, before he came, were all industry and mock modesty, throw both of these virtues out of the window, and are after him on the roof, when he is not after them in the kitchen. They lose their heads entirely, and are not worth their salt, far less their wages, till he is gone, and that is always a terribly long time, considering how little he has to do. For these reasons, and because, whenever he has been out on my roof the rain comes in next heavy shower, I have permitted myself to call him in print "the curse of families."

Then he strikes, and combines, and speechifies, and calls the capital that feeds him his enemy; and sometimes fights with the capital of a thousand against the capital of a single master, and overpowers it, yet calls that a fight of labor against capital. Then he demands short time, which generally means more time to drink in, and higher wages, which often means more money to drink with. Thereupon I lose my temper, rush into print, and call the British workman the British talk-man and the British drink-man.

But it must be owned all this is rather narrow and shallow. "Where there's a multitude there's a mixture," and a private gentleman in my position does not really know the mass of the workmen and their invaluable qualities.

One thing is notorious—that in their bargains with capital they are very lenient in one respect, they charge very little for their lives; yet they shorten them in many trades, and lose them right away in some.

Even I, who have been hard on them in some things, have already pointed out that instead of labor and capital the trades ought to speechify on life, labor and capital; and dwell more upon their risks, as a fit subject of remuneration, than their professed advocates have done.

Is it not a sad thing to reflect, when you see the scaffolding

prepared for some great building to be erected either for pious or mundane purposes that out of those employed in erecting it some are sure to be killed?

All this prolixity is to usher in a simple fact, which interests me more than the petty proceedings of exalted personages, and their "migrations from the blue bed to the brown;" and some of your readers are sure to be of my mind.

The Princess's Theater, Oxford Street, is being reconstructed. The walls, far more substantial than they build nowadays, are to stand, but the old interior is demolished, and the roof heightened.

Sullivan, a young carpenter, was at work with his fellows on a stage properly secured. They wanted some ropes that lay on another stage, and sent him for them. Between the stages was a plank, which he naturally thought had been laid to walk on. He stepped on it—it was only a half-inch board. It snapped under his weight like a carrot, and he fell through in a moment.

He caught at a projection, but merely tore his fingers, and descended into space with fearful velocity.

The height was fifty feet—*measured*.

The thing he fell on was a hard board, lying on hard ground. Those who saw him fall, and heard his one cry of horror, had no hope of taking up anything from the ground below but a battered corpse with broken back, fractured skull, and shattered ribs.

Thirty-five feet below the place he fell from, a strong bolt, about an inch in diameter and four feet long, protruded from the wall almost at right angles, but with a slight declension downward.

The outer end of this protruding iron just caught Sullivan by the seat, ripped up his clothes, and tore his back, and partly broke his fall. Nevertheless, such was its violence that he bounded up from the board he eventually fell upon, and was found all in a heap in a hollow place close by, senseless, and almost pulseless.

Hy was taken to the Middlesex Hospital. There he came to his senses and his trouble. His pulse was soon over 100. His temperature 108—a very alarming feature. This, however, has subsided, and they have got his pulse to 98, but he cannot eat; his eyes cannot bear the light. There are one or more severe wounds upon his back parts, and much reason to fear injury to the spinal column. He is in danger; and, if he survives, which I think very possible, it is to be feared he will never be able to walk and work again. These, sir, are the dire realities of life; and very fit to be admitted into your graver columns. Here is a sad fact and a curious fact.

Sullivan was a handsome young fellow, just beginning the world. In a moment there he lies a cripple and a wreck, and that is a sad thing for any feeling heart to think of. The bolt which saved him from immediate death is a curious fact. It is still to be seen dangling from the wall as it did when it ripped

up the workman's clothes, furrowed his back, and broke his fall.

Will it prove his friend or his enemy, that piece of iron? The enemy of his body if it makes him a cripple instead of a corpse; but a friend of his soul if he reads his own story right; wherefore I hope some servant of God will go to his bedside with the true balm of Gilead,

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

PERSEVERANCE.

ON a certain day in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable woman and a chubby-faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town.

She opened her business at once.

"Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace; his heart is so set on being in a lawyer's office. But there, I have not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off and looked appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors, who might be called types, the old established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum tree instead of sitting under it and opening his mouth for the windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No. 2.

But these sharp practitioners are often very good-natured; and so, looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; "and, indeed, if I had, he is too young; why, he is a mere child!"

"I am twelve next so-and-so," said the boy, giving the month and the day.

"You don't look it, then," said Mr. Chitty incredulously.

"Indeed, but he is, sir," said the widow; "he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand."

"But I tell you I have no vacancy," said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

"Well, thank you, sir, all the same," said the widow, with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially.

Then Mr. Chitty said in a hesitating way: "To be sure, there is a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir, if you please?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office boy."

"An office boy! What do you say, Robert? I suppose it is a beginning, sir. What will he have to do?"

"Why, sweep the office, run errands, carry papers—and that is not what he is after. Look at him; he has got that eye of his fixed on a counselor's wig, you may depend; and sweeping a country attorney's office is not the stepping-stone to that." He added warily, "at least there is no precedent reported."

"La! sir," said the widow, "he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law-papers."

"Ay, ay, to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em!"

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office than bide at home with me." Here she turned angry with her offspring for half a moment.

"And so I would," said young master stoutly indorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty; "only mind, it is half a crown a week—that is all."

The terms were accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering, and pushing; in less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From this, in due course, he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed and persevered, till at last he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for perseverance.

He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employer, and respected, too; for besides his special gifts as a law-clerk, he was strict in morals, and religious without parade.

In those days country attorneys could not fly to the metropolis and back to dinner. They relied much on London attorneys, their agents. Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it out by private practice. Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorneys. Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down for once in a way and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving he said he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would Mr. Chitty oblige him and part with this young man?

Chitty made rather a wry face, and said that young man was a pearl. "I don't know what I shall do without him; why, he is my *alter ego*."

However, he ended by saying, generously, that he would not stand in the young man's way. Then they had the clerk in, and put the question to him.

"Sir," he said, "it is the ambition of my heart to go to London."

Twenty-four hours after that, our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and

country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession. A brother of mine, who for years was one of a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, remembers him well at this period; and to have met him sometimes in his own chambers, and sometimes in Judge's Chambers; my brother says he could not help noticing him, for he bristled with intelligence, and knew a deal of law, though he looked a boy.

The best of the joke is that this clerk afterward turned out to be four years older than that solicitor who took him for a boy.

He was now up amongst books as well as lawyers, and studied closely the principles of law whilst the practice was sharpening him. He was much in the courts, and every case there cited in argument or judgment he hunted out in the books, and digested it, together with its application in practice by the living judge, who had quoted, received, or evaded it. He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister and his two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her, and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside, and said, "I have only £200 in the world; I have saved it a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children. Then he gave his daughter £100, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval and they sat down to what fine folk call breakfast, but they called dinner, and it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose and surprised them a little. He said, "I am very sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to; it will take me just one hour."

Of course there was a look or two interchanged, especially by every female there present; but the confidence in him was too great to be disturbed; and this was his first eccentricity.

He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the Bar; paid away his wife's dowry in fees, and returned within the hour.

Next day the married clerk was at the office, as usual, and entered on a twofold life. He worked as a clerk till five, dined in the Hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister; and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience—he became a writer and produced a masterpiece, which, as regarded the practice of our courts, became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel, and judges.

The author, though his book was entitled "practice," showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly but firmly unscientific legislature and judicial blunders.

So here was a student of Gray's Inn, supposed to be picking up in that Inn a small smattering of law, yet, to diversify his crude studies, instructing mature counsel and correcting the judges themselves, at whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk. There's an intellectual hotch-potch for you! All this did not in his Inn qualify him to be a barrister;

but years and dinners did. After some weary years he took the oaths at Westminster, and vacated by that act his place in Bishop's office; and was a pauper—for an afternoon.

But work, that has been long and tediously prepared, can be executed quickly; and adverse circumstances, when Perseverance conquers them, turn round and become allies.

The ex-clerk and young barrister had plowed and sowed with such pains and labor, that he reaped with comparative ease. Half the managing clerks in London knew him and believed in him. They had the ears of their employers, and brought him pleadings to draw and motions to make. His book, too, brought him clients, and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader. Senior counsel, too, found that they could rely upon his zeal, accuracy, and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the bar; and so much for Perseverance.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now, a popular junior counsel cannot always afford to take silk, as they call it. Indeed, if he is learned, but not eloquent, he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man, whose career I am epitomizing, did not hesitate; he still pushed onward, and so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the Law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors and took his seat within the Bar. So much for Perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the Judges of the Queen's Bench, and, after sitting in that court some years, was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal.

A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect lightly.

I knew him only as Queen's Counsel. I had him against me once, but oftener for me, because my brother thought him even then the best lawyer and the most zealous at the Bar, and always retained him if he could. During the period I knew him personally Mr. Lush had still a plump, unwrinkled face, and a singularly bright eye. His voice was full, mellow, and penetrating; it filled the court without apparent effort, and accorded well with his style of eloquence, which was what Cicero calls the *temperatum genus loquendi*.

Reasoning carried to perfection is one of the fine arts; an argument by Lush enchained the ear and charmed the understanding. He began at the beginning, and each succeeding topic was articulated and disposed of, and succeeded by its right successor, in language so fit and order so lucid, that he rooted and grew conviction in the mind. *Tantum series nexuraque pollent.*

I never heard him at Nisi Prius, but should think he could do nothing ill, yet would be greater at convincing judges than at persuading juries right or wrong; for at this pastime he would

have to escape from the force of his own understanding, whereas I have known counsel blatant and admired, whom Nature and flippant fluency had secured against that difficulty.

He was affable to clients, and I had more than one conversation with him, very interesting to me. But to intrude these would be egotistical, and disturb the just proportions of this short notice. I hope some lawyer, who knew him well as a counsel and judge, will give us his distinctive features, if it is only to correct those vague and colorless notices of him that have appeared.

This is due to the legal profession. But, after all, his early career interests a much wider circle. We cannot all be judges, but we can all do great things by the perseverance, which, from an office boy, made this man a clerk, a counsel, and a judge. Do but measure the difficulties he overcame in his business with the difficulties of rising in any art, profession, or honorable walk; and down with despondency's whine, and the groans of self-deceiving laziness. You who have youth and health, never you quail

“At those twin jailers of the daring heart,
Low birth and iron fortune.”

See what becomes of those two bugbears when the stout champion SINGLE-HEART and the giant PERSEVERANCE take them by the throat.

Why the very year those chilling lines were first given to the public by Bulwer and Macready, Robert Lush paid his wife's dowry away to Gray's Inn in fees, and never whined nor doubted nor looked right nor left, but went straight on—and prevailed.

Genius and talent may have their bounds—but to the power of single-hearted perseverance there is no known limit.

Non omnis mortuus est; the departed judge still teaches from his tomb; his dicta will outlive him in our English Courts; his gesta are for mankind.

Such an instance of single-heartedness, perseverance and proportionate success in spite of odds is not for one narrow island, but the globe; an old man sends it to the young in both hemispheres with this comment: If difficulties lie in the way, never shirk them, but think of Robert Lush, and trample on them. If impossibilities encounter you—up hearts and at 'em.

One thing more to those who would copy Robert Lush in all essentials. Though impregnated from infancy with an honorable ambition, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; nor did he forget Him, when the world poured its honors on him, and those insidious temptations of prosperity, which have hurt the soul far oftener than “low birth and iron fortune.” He flourished in a skeptical age; yet he lived, and died, fearing God,

A HERO AND A MARTYR.

THERE is an old man in Glasgow, who has saved more than forty lives in the Clyde, many of them with great peril to his own. Death has lately removed a French hero, who was his rival, and James Lambert now stands alone in Europe. The Frenchman saved more lives than Lambert, but then he did most of his work with a boat and saving gear. The Scot had nothing but his own active body, his rare power of suspending his breath, and his lion heart. Two of his feats far surpass anything recorded of his French competitor; he was upset in a boat with many companions, seized and dragged to the bottom, yet contrived to save nearly them all; and, on another occasion, when the ice had broken under a man, and the tide sucked him under to a distance of several yards, James Lambert dived under the ice, and groped for the man till he was nearly breathless, and dragged him back to the hole, and all but died in saving him. Here the chances were nine to one against his ever finding that small aperture again, and coming out alive. Superior in daring, to his one European rival, he has yet another title to the sympathy of mankind; he is blind; and not by any irrelevant accident, but in consequence of his heroism and his goodness. He was working at a furnace one wintry day, and perspiring freely. The cry got up that a man was drowning. He flung himself, all heated as he was, into icy water, and, when he came out, he lost his sight for a time on the very bank. His sight returned; but ever after that day he was subject to similar seizures. They became more frequent, and the intervals of sight more rare, until the darkness settled down, and the light retired forever.

The meaning of the word "martyr" is—a man who is punished for a great virtue by a great calamity. Every martyr in Fox's book, or Butler's, or the "Acta Sanctorum," or the "Vitæ Patrum Occidentis," comes under that definition; but not more so than James Lambert, and the hero who risks his life in saving, is just as much a hero as he who risks his life in killing his fellow-creature. Therefore I do not force nor pervert words, but weigh them well, when I call James Lambert what he is—a hero and a martyr. That is a great deal to say of any one man; for all of us who are really men or women, and not as Lambert once said to me "mere broom-besoms in the name of men," admire a hero, and pity a martyr, alive or dead.

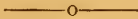
In espousing this hero's cause I do not follow a worthy example. Mr. Hugh M'Donald was a Glasgow citizen, and a man known by many acts of charity and public feeling. He revealed to the Glasgow public the very existence of Burns' daughter, and awakened a warm interest in her; and in 1856 he gave the city an account of James Lambert's deeds and affliction, and asked a subscription. Glasgow responded warmly; £260 was raised, and afterward £70. The sum total was banked and doled to James Lambert ten shillings per week. However, the subscribers made one great mistake, they took for granted Lambert would not outlive their money; but he has.

In 1868, having read Mr. M'Donald's account, I visited Lambert, and heard his story. Being now blind, and compelled to live in the past, he had a vivid recollection of his greatest deeds and told me them with spirit. I, who am a painstaking man, and owe my success to it, wrote down the particulars, and the very words that, he said, had passed on these grand occasions. Next day, I took the blind hero down to the Clyde, whose every bend he knew at that time, and made him repeat to me every principal incident on its own spot. From that day I used to send James Lambert money and clothes at odd times; but I did not write about him for years. However, in 1874, I published my narrative (entitled "A hero and a Martyr") in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, London, the *Tribune*, New York, and a shilling pamphlet with a fine engraving of James Lambert. I invited a subscription, and, avoiding the error of the former subscribers, announced from the first that it should be directed to buying James Lambert a small annuity *for life*. The printed story flew round the world. Letters and small subscriptions poured in from every part of England, and in due course from Calcutta, from the Australian capitals, from New York, Boston, San Francisco, and even from Valparaiso in Chili. An American boy sent me a dollar from New Orleans. Two American children sent me a dollar from Chicago. A warm-hearted Glasgow man wrote to me with rapture from the State of Massachusetts, to say every word was true; he remembered blythe Jamie well, and his unrivaled reputation, remembered his saving the mill-girls, and added an incident to my narrative, that in all the horror of the scenes James Lambert's voice had been heard from the bank shouting lustily, "Dinna grip my arms, lassies; bing on to my skirts." The English papers quoted largely from the narrative and recommended the subscriptions. But, whilst the big world rang with praises of the Glasgow hero, and thrilled with pity for the Glasgow martyr, detractors and foes started up in a single city." And what was the name of that city? Was it Rome jealous for Regulus and Quintus? Was it Tarsus jealous for St. Paul? Was it Edinburgh, Liverpool, Paris, or Washington? Oh, dear no: marvelous to relate, it was Glasgow, the City of Hugh Macdonald, the hero's own birthplace—and the town which the world honors for having produced him. These detractors deny James Lambert's exploits, or say they were few and small, not many and great. They treat his blindness and its cause as a mere irrelevant trifle, and pretend he squandered the last subscription—which is a lie, for he never had the control of it, and it lasted ten years. Scribblers who get drunk three times a week, pretend that Lambert—who, by the admission of his enemy McEwen, has not been drunk once these last five years—is an habitual drunkard, and that they, of all people, are shocked at it. Need I say that these detractors from merit and misfortune are anonymous writers in the "Glasgow Press." It does not follow they are all natives of Glasgow. Two of them, at least, are dirty little penny-aliners from London. The public knows nothing about the Press, and is easily gulled by it. But I know all about the Press, inside

and out, and shall reveal the true motive of the little newspaper conspiracy against Lambert and Reade. It is just the jealousy of the little provincial scribbler maddened by the overwhelming superiority of the national writer. I'll put the minds of these quill-drivers into words for you. "Curse it all! there was a hero and a martyr in our midst, and we hadn't the luck to spot him. [In reality they had not brains enough in their skulls nor blood enough in their hearts to spot him. But it is their creed, that superior discernment is all luck.] Then comes this cursed Englishman and hits the theme we missed. What can we pigmies do now to pass for giants? It's no use our telling the truth and playing second fiddle. No—our only chance now, to give ourselves importance, is to hiss down both the hero and his chronicler. If we call Lambert an imposter and a drunkard, and Reade a mercenary fool, honest folk will never divine that we are ourselves the greatest drunkards, the greatest dunces, and the most habitual liars in the city." That was the little game of the Glasgow penny-a-liners, and twopence-a-liars; and every man in Scotland, who knows the provincial Press, saw through these caitiffs at a glance. But the public is weak and credulous. Now, they might as well bay the moon as bark at me; I stand too high above their reach in the just respect of the civilized world. But they can hurt James Lambert, because he is their townsman. Therefore, I interfere and give the citizens of Glasgow the key to the Glasgow backbiters of a Glasgow hero and martyr. I add one proof that this is the true key. The exploits and the calamity of James Lambert were related by Hugh Macdonald eighteen years ago when proofs were plentiful. If they were true eighteen years ago how can they be false now? Answer me that, honest men of Glasgow, who don't scribble in papers and call black white. Can facts be true when told by a Glasgow man, yet turn false when told by an Englishman???! Now observe—they might have shown their clannishness as nobly as they have shown it basely. There are brave men in England—many; and unfortunate men—many; whom a powerful English writer could celebrate. But no—he selects a Scotchman for his theme, and makes the great globe admire him, and moves England to pity and provide for him. Any Scotch writer worthy of the name of Scotchman, or man, observing this, would have said—"Well, this English chap is not narrow-minded anyway. You need not be a Cockney to win his heart and gain his pen. He is warmer about this Glasgow man, than we ever knew him to be about a south countryman. It is a good example. Let us try and rise to his level, and shake hands with the Southron over poor Jamie Lambert." This is how every Scotsman, worthy of the name, would have felt and argued. But these Glasgow scribblers are few of them Scotsmen, and none of them men. The line they have taken in vilifying a blind man, who lost his sight by benevolent heroism, is one that hell chuckles at, and man recoils from. They have disgraced the city of Glasgow and human nature itself. Whatever may be the faults of the working classes they are MEN. Anonymous slanderers and detractors are not men—they are mere lumps of human filth. I there-

fore ask the operatives of Glasgow, and the manly citizens, to shake off these lumps of dirt and detraction, and aid me to take the Glasgow hero and martyr out of all his troubles.

The Frenchman I have mentioned had one great title to sympathy, whereas Lambert has two; and this is how France treated her heroic son. He lived at the public expense, but free as air. The public benefactor was not locked up and hidden from the public. His breast was emblazoned with medals, and amongst them shone the great national order, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, which many distinguished noblemen and gentlemen have sighed for in vain; and when he walked abroad every gentleman in the country doffed his hat to him. Thus does France treat a great saver of human lives. James Lambert lives at the public expense, but not as that Frenchman lived. It grieves my heart to say it; but the truth is, James Lambert lives unhappily. He is in an almshouse, which partakes of the character of a prison. It is a gloomy, austere place, and that class of inmates, to which he belongs, are not allowed to cross the threshold upon their own business, except once in a fortnight. But to ardent spirits loss of liberty is misery. Meanly clad, poorly fed, well imprisoned, and little respected—such is the condition of James Lambert in Glasgow, his native city. Yet he is the greatest man in that city, and one of the very few men now living in it, whose name will ring in history a hundred years hence; the greatest saver of lives in Europe; a man whose name is even now honored in India and Australia, in the United States and Canada, and indeed from the rising to the setting sun, thanks to his own merit, the power of the pen, and the circulation of the Press—a true hero and a true martyr, glorious by his deeds and sacred by his calamity.



A DRAMATIC MUSICIAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "ERA."

SIR.—There died the other day in London a musician, who used to compose, or set, good music to orchestral instruments, and play it in the theater with spirit and taste, and to watch the stage with one eye and the orchestra with another, and so accompany with vigilant delicacy a mixed scene of action and dialogue: to do which the music must be full when the actor works in silence, but subdued promptly as often as the actor speaks. Thus it enhances the action without drowning a spoken line.

These are varied gifts, none of them common, and music is a popular art. One would think, then, that such a composer and artist would make his fortune nowadays. Not so. Mr. Edwin Ellis lived sober, laborious, prudent, respected, and died poor. He was provident and insured his life; he had a family and so small an income that he could not keep up the insurance. He has left a wife and nine children utterly destitute, and he could

not possibly help it. The kindest-hearted Profession in the world—though burdened with many charitable claims—will do what it can for them; but I do think the whole weight ought not to fall upon actors and musicians. The man was a better servant of the public than people are aware, and therefore, I ask leave to say a few words to the public and to the Press over his ill-rewarded art, and his untimely grave.

Surely the prizes of the theater are dealt too unevenly, when such a man, for his compositions and his performance receives not half the salary of many a third-class performer on the stage, works his heart out, never wastes a shilling, and dies without one.

No individual is to blame; but the system seems indiscriminating and unjust, and arises from a special kind of ignorance, which is very general, but I think and hope is curable.

Dramatic effects are singularly complex, and they cannot really be understood unless they are decomposed. But it is rare to find, out of the Theater, a mind accustomed to decompose them. The writer is constantly blamed for the actor's misinterpretation, and the actor for the writer's feebleness. Indeed, the general inability to decompose and so discriminate goes so far as this—You hear an author gravely accused by a dozen commentators of writing a new play four hours long. Of those four hours, the stage-carpenter occupied one hour and thirty minutes. Yet they ascribe that mechanic's delay to the lines and delivery, when all the time it was the carpenter, who had not rehearsed his part, and therefore kept the author and the actors waiting, just as long as he did the audience.

Where the habit of decomposing effects is so entirely absent, it follows, as a matter of course, that the subtle subsidiary art of the able leader is not distinguished, and goes for nothing in the public estimate of a play. I suppose two million people have seen Shaun the Post escape from his prison by mounting the ivied tower, and have panted at the view. Of those two million how many are aware that they saw with the ear as well as the eye, and that much of their emotion was caused by a mighty melody, such as effeminate Italy never produced—and never will till she breeds more men and less monks—being played all the time on the great principle of climax, swelling higher and higher, as the hero of the scene mounted and surmounted? Not six in the two million spectators, I believe. Mr. Ellis has lifted scenes and situations for me and other writers scores of times, and his share of the effect never been publicly noticed. When he had a powerful action or impassioned dialogue to illustrate, he did not habitually run to the poor resource of a "hurry" or a nonsense "tremolo," but loved to find an appropriate melody, or a rational sequence of chords, or a motived strain, that raised the scene or enforced the dialogue. As to his other qualities, it was said of Cæsar that he was a general who used not to say to his soldiers "go" but "come," and that is how Mr. Ellis led an orchestra. He showed them how to play with spirit by doing it himself. He was none of your sham leaders with a *baton*, but a real leader with a

violin, that set his band on fire. A little while before he died he tried change of air, by the kind permission of Messrs. Gatti, and he helped me down at Liverpool. He entered a small orchestra of good musicians that had become languid. He waked them up directly, and they played such fine music and so finely that the *entr'acte* music became at once a feature of the entertainment. A large theater used to ring nightly with the performance of fifteen musicians only; and the Lancashire lads, who know what is good, used to applaud so loudly and persistently that Mr. Ellis had to rise nightly in the orchestra and bow to them before the curtain could be raised.

Then I repeat that there must be something wrong in the scale of remuneration, when such a man works for many years and dies in need, without improvidence. In all other professions there are low rewards and high rewards. On what false principles does such a man as Ellis receive the same pittance as a mediocre leader, who doses a play with tremolo, and "hurries," and plays you dead with polkas between the acts, and, though playing to a British audience, rarely plays a British melody but to destroy it by wrong time, wrong rhythm, coarse and slovenly misinterpretation, plowing immortal airs, not playing them?

I respectfully invite the Press, over this sad grave, to look into these matters—to adopt the habit of decomposing all the complex effects of a theatre; to ignore nobody, neither artist nor mechanic, who affects the public; to time the carpenters' delays on a first night and report them to a second; to time the author's lines and report their time to a minute; to criticise as an essential part of the performance the music, appropriate or inappropriate, intelligent or brainless, that accompanies the lines and action; and not even to ignore the quality and execution of the *entr'acte* music. A thousand people have to listen to it three quarters of an hour, and those thousand people ought not to be swindled out of a part of their money by the misinterpretation of Italian overtures or by the everlasting performance of polkas and waltzes. These last are good musical accompaniments to the foot, but to seated victims they are not music, but mere rhythmical thumps. There is no excuse for this eternal trash, since the stores of good music are infinite.

If the Press will deign to take a hint from me, and so set themselves to decompose and discriminate, plays will soon be played quicker on a first night, and accomplished artists like Edwin Ellis will not work hard, live soberly, and die poor. Meantime, I do not hesitate to ask the public to repair in some degree the injustice of fortune. Millions of people have passed happy evenings at the Adelphi Theater. Thousands have heard Mr. Ellis accompany *The Wandering Heir*, and between the acts play his "Songs without Music" at the Queen's. I ask them to believe me that this deserving and unfortunate musician caused much of their enjoyment though they were not conscious of it at the time. Those spectators, and all who favor me with their confidence in matters of charity, I respectfully invite to aid the Theatrical and Musical Professions in the effort they are now

making to save from dire destitution the widow and children of that accomplished artist and worthy man.

I am, sir, yours respectfully,

CHARLES READE.

DEATH OF WINWOOD READE.

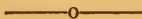
FROM THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH," *April 26, 1876.*

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. Winwood Reade, well-known as an African traveler and correspondent, and by many works of indubitable power. This remarkable man closed, on Saturday last, April 24, a laborious career, cheered with few of Fortune's smiles. As a youth he had shown a singular taste for natural science. This, however, was interrupted for some years by University studies, and afterward by an honest but unavailing attempt to master the art of Fiction, before possessing sufficient experience of life. He produced, however, two or three novels containing some good and racy scenes, unskillfully connected, and one ("See Saw,") which is a well-constructed tale. He also published an archæological volume, entitled "The Vale of Isis." The theories of M. Du Chaillu as to the power and aggressive character of the gorilla inflamed Mr. Reade's curiosity and awakened his dormant genius. He raised money upon his inheritance, and set out for Africa fully equipped. He hunted the gorilla persistently, and found him an exceedingly timorous animal, inaccessible to European sportsmen in the thick jungles which he inhabits. Mr. Reade then pushed his researches another way. On his return he published "Savage Africa," a remarkable book, both in matter and style.

After some years, devoted to general science and anonymous literature, he revisited that Continent—"whose fatal fascinations," as he himself wrote, "no one having seen and suffered, can resist," and this time penetrated deep into the interior. In this exhibition he faced many dangers quite alone, was often stricken down with fever, and sometimes in danger of his life from violence, and once was taken prisoner by cannibals. His quiet fortitude and indomitable will carried a naturally feeble body through it all, and he came home weak, but apparently uninjured in constitution. He now published two volumes in quick succession—"The Martyrdom of Man," and the "African Sketchbook"—both of which have met with warm admiration and severe censure. Mr. Reade was now, nevertheless, generally recognized by men of science, and particularly by Dr. Darwin and his school. In November, 1873, he became the *Times'* correspondent in the Ashantee war, and, as usual, did not spare himself. From this, his third African expedition, he returned a broken man. The mind had been too strong for the body, and he was obliged to halt on the way home. Early in this present year, disease, both of the heart and lungs, declared itself, and he wasted away slowly but inevitably. He wrote his last work, "The Outcast," with the hand of death upon him. Two zealous

friends carried him out to Wimbledon, and there, for a day or two, the air seemed to revive him; but on Friday night he began to sink, and on Saturday afternoon died, in the arms of his beloved uncle, Mr. Charles Reade.

The writer thus cut off in his prime entered life with excellent prospects; he was heir to considerable estates, and gifted with genius. But he did not live long enough to inherit the one or to mature the other. His whole public career embraced but fifteen years; yet in another fifteen he would probably have won a great name, and cured himself, as many thinking men have done, of certain obnoxious opinions, which laid him open to reasonable censure, and also to some bitter personalities that were out of place, since truth can surely prevail without either burning or abusing men whose convictions are erroneous but honest. He felt these acrimonious comments, but bore them with the same quiet fortitude by help of which he had endured his sufferings in Africa, and now awaited the sure approach of an untimely death at home. Mr. Reade surpasses most of the travelers of his day in one great quality of a writer—style. His English, founded on historical models, has the pomp and march of words, is often racy, often picturesque, and habitually powerful yet sober; ample yet not turgid. He died in his thirty-seventh year.



CREMONA FIDDLES.

FROM THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

FIRST LETTER.

August 19th, 1872.

UNDER this heading, for want of a better, let me sing the four-stringed instruments that were made in Italy from about 1560 to 1760, and varnished with high-colored yet transparent varnishes, the secret of which, known to numberless families in 1745, had vanished off the earth by 1760, and has now for fifty years baffled the laborious researches of violin makers, amateurs, and chemists. That lost art I will endeavor to restore to the world through the medium of your paper. But let me begin with other points of connoisseurship, illustrating them as far as possible by the specimens on show at the South Kensington Museum.

The modern orchestra uses four stringed instruments, played with the bow; the smallest is the king; its construction is a marvel of art; and, as we are too apt to underrate familiar miracles, let me analyze this wooden paragon by way of showing what great architects in wood those Italians were, who invented this instrument and its fellows at Brescia and Bologna. The violin itself, apart from its mere accessories, consists of a scroll or head, weighing an ounce or two, a slim neck, a thin back, that ought to be made of Swiss sycamore, a thin belly of Swiss deal, and sides of Swiss sycamore no thicker than a sixpence. This little wooden shell delivers an amount of sound

that is simply monstrous: but, to do that, it must submit to a strain, of which the public has no conception. Let us suppose two claimants to take opposite ends of a violin-string, and to pull against each other with all their weight; the tension of the string so produced would not equal the tension which is created by the screw in raising that string to concert pitch. Consider, then, that not one but four strings tug night and day, like a team of demons at the wafer-like sides of this wooden shell. Why does it not collapse; well, it would collapse with a crash, long before the strings reached concert pitch, if the violin was not a wonder inside as well as out. The problem was to withstand that severe pressure without crippling the vast vibration by solidity. The inventors approached the difficulty thus: they inserted six blocks of lime, or some light wood; one of these blocks at the lower end of the violin, one at the upper and one at each corner—the corner blocks very small and triangular; the top and bottom blocks much larger, and shaped like a capital D, the straight line of the block lying close to the sides, and the curved line outward. Then they slightly connected all the blocks by two sets of linings; these linings are not above a quarter of an inch deep, I suppose, and no thicker than an old penny piece, but they connect those six blocks and help to distribute the resistance.

Even so the shell would succumb in time; but now the inventor killed two birds with one stone; he cunningly diverted a portion of the pressure by the very means that were necessary to the sound. He placed the bridge on the belly of the violin, and that raised the strings out of the direct line of tension, and relieved the lateral pressure at the expense of the belly. But as the belly is a weak arch, it must now be strengthened in its turn. Accordingly, a bass-bar was glued horizontally to the belly under one foot of the bridge. This bass-bar is a very small piece of deal, about the length and half the size of an old-fashioned lead pencil, but, the ends being tapered off, it is glued on to the belly, with a spring in it, and supports the belly magically. As a proof how nicely all these things were balanced, the bass-bar of Gasparo da Salo, the Amati, and Stradiuarius, being a little shorter and shallower than a modern bass-bar, did admirably for their day, yet will not do now. Our raised concert pitch has clapped on more tension, and straightway you must remove the bass-bar even of Stradiuarius, and substitute one a little longer and deeper, or your Cremona sounds like a strung frying-pan.

Remove now from the violin, which for two centuries has endured this strain, the finger board, tail-piece, tail-pin and screws—since these are the instruments or vehicles of tension, not materials of resistance—and weigh the violin itself. It weighs, I suppose, about twenty ounces: and it has fought hundred-weights of pressure for centuries. A marvel of construction, it is also a marvel of sound; it is audible further off than the gigantic pianoforte, and its tones in a master's hand go to the heart of man. It can be prostituted to the performance of difficulties, and often is; but that is not its fault. Genius can make

your very heart dance with it, or your eyes to fill; and Niel Gow, who was no romancer, but only a deeper critic than his fellows, when being asked what was the true test of a player, replied: "A MON IS A PLAYER WHEN HE CAN GAR HIMSEL' GREET WI' HIS FIDDLE."

Asking forgiveness for this preamble, I proceed to inquire what country invented these four-stringed and four-cornered instruments?

I understand that France and Germany have of late raised some pretensions. Connoisseurship and etymology are both against them. Etymology suffices. The French terms are all derived from the Italian, and that disposes of France. I will go into German pretensions critically, if any one will show me as old and specific a German word as *viola* and *violino*, and the music composed for those German instruments. "Fiddle" is of vast antiquity; but pear-shaped, till Italy invented the four corners, on which sound as well as beauty depends.

THE ORDER OF INVENTION.—Etymology decides with unerring voice that the violoncello was invented after the violono or double-bass, and connoisseurship proves by two distinct methods that it was invented after the violin. 1st, the critical method: it is called after the violin, yet is made on the plan of the violin, with arched back and long inner-bought. 2d, the historical method: a violoncello made by the inventors of the violin is incomparably rare, and this instrument is disproportionately rare even up to the year 1610. Violino being a derivative of *viola* would seem to indicate that the violin followed the tenor; but this taken alone is dangerous; for *viola* is not only a specific term for the tenor, but a generic name that was in Italy a hundred years before a tenor with four strings was made. To go then to connoisseurship—I find that I have fallen in with as many tenors as violins by Gasparo da Salo, who worked from about 1555 to 1600, and not quite so many by Gio Paolo Maggini, who began a few years later. The violin being the king of all these instruments, I think there would not be so many tenors made as violins, when once the violin had been invented. Moreover, between the above dates came Corelli, a composer and violinist. He would naturally create a crop of violins. Finding the tenors and violins of Gasparo da Salo about equal in number, I am driven to the conclusion that the tenor had an unfair start—in other words, was invented first. I add to this that true four-stringed tenors by Gasparo da Salo exist, though very rare, made with only two corners, which is a more primitive form than any violin by the same maker appears in. For this and some other reasons, I have little doubt the *viola* preceded the violin by a very few years. What puzzles me more is to time the violin, or, as we childishly call it (after its known descendant), the double-bass. If I was so presumptuous as to trust to my eye alone, I should say it was the first of them all. It is an instrument which does not seem to mix with these four-stringed upstarts, but to belong to a much older family—viz., the *viola d'amore*, *da gamba*, &c. In the first place it has not four strings; secondly, it has not an arched

back, but a flat back, with a peculiar shoulder, copied from the viola da gamba; thirdly, the space between the upper and lower corners in the early specimens is ludicrously short. And it is hard to believe that an eye, which had observed the graceful proportions of the tenor and violin, could be guilty of such a wretched little inner-bought as you find in a double-bass of Brescia. *Per contra*, it must be admitted, first, that the sound-hole of a Brescian double-bass seems copied from the four-stringed tribe, and not at all from the elder family; secondly, that the violin and tenor are instruments of melody and harmony, but the violin of harmony only. This is dead against its being invented until after the instruments to which it is subsidiary. Man invents only to supply a want. Thus, then, it is. First, the large tenor, played between the knees; then the violin, played under the chin; then (if not the first of them all) the small double-bass: then, years after the violin, the violoncello; then the full sized double-bass; then, *longo intervallo*, the small tenor, played under the chin.

However, I do not advance these conclusions as infallible. The highest evidence on some of these points must surely lie in manuscript music of the sixteenth century, much of which is preserved in the libraries of Italy; and, if Mr. Hatton or any musician learned in the history of his art will tell me for what stringed instruments the immediate predecessors of Corelli, and Corelli at his commencement, marked their compositions, I shall receive the communication with gratitude and respect. I need hardly say that nothing but the MS. or the *editio princeps* is evidence in so nice a matter.

The first known maker of the true tenor, and probably of the violin, was Gasparo da Salo. The student who has read the valuable work put forth by Monsieur Fétis and Monsieur Vuillaume might imagine that I am contradicting them here; for they quote as "luthiers"—antecedent to Gasparo da Salo—Kerlino, Duiffoprugcar, Linarolli, Dardelli, and others. These men, I grant you, worked long before Gasparo da Salo; I even offer an independent proof, and a very simple one. I find that their genuine tickets are in Gothic letters, whereas those of Gasparo da Salo are in Roman type; but I know the works of those makers, and they did not make tenors nor violins. They made instruments of the older family, *viola d'amore*, *da gamba*, etc. Their *true* tickets are all black letter tickets, and not one such ticket exists in any old violin, nor in a single genuine tenor. The fact is that the tenor is an instrument of unfixed dimensions, and can easily be reconstructed out of different *viola* made in an earlier age. There are innumerable examples of this, and happily the Exhibition furnishes two. There are two curious instruments strung as tenors, Nos. 114 and 134 in the catalogue; one is given to Joan Carlino, and year 1452; the other to Linaro, and 1563. These two instruments were both made by one man, Ventura Linarolli, of Venice (misspelt by M. Fétis, Venturi), about the year 1520. Look at the enormous breadth between the sound-holes; that shows they were made to carry six or seven strings. Now look at the scrolls; both of

them new, because the old scrolls were primitive things with six or seven screws; it is only by such reconstruction that a tenor or violin can be set up as anterior to Gasparo da Salo. No 114, is, however, a real gem of antiquity; the wood and varnish exquisite, and far fresher than nine Amatis out of ten. It is well worthy the special attention of collectors. It was played upon the knee.

There are in the collection two instruments by Gasparo da Salo worth especial notice; a tenor, No. 142, and a violono, or primitive double-bass, 199. The tenor is one of his later make, yet has a grand primitive character. Observe, in particular, the scroll all round, and the amazing inequality between the bass sound-hole and the purfling of the belly; this instrument and the grand tenor assigned to Maggini, and lent by Madame Risler, offer a point of connoisseurship worthy the student's attention. The back of each instrument looks fully a century younger than the belly. But this is illusory. The simple fact is that the tenors of that day, when not in use, were not nursed in cases, but hung up on a nail, belly outward. Thus the belly caught the sun of Italy, the dust, &c., and its varnish was often withered to a mere resin, while the back and sides escaped. This is the key to that little mystery. Observe the scroll of the violono 199. How primitive it is all round: at the back a flat cut, in front a single flute, copied from *its true parent*, the viola da gamba. This scroll, taken in conjunction with the size and other points, marks an instrument considerably anterior to No. 200. As to the other double-basses in the same case, they are assigned by their owners to Gasparo da Salo, because they are double purfled and look older than Cremonese violins; but these indicia are valueless; all Cremona and Milan double-purfled the violon as often as not, and the constant exposure to air and dust gives the violono a color of antiquity that is delusive. In no one part of the business is knowledge of work so necessary. The violoni 201-2-3, are all fine Italian instruments. The small violon, 202, that stands by the side of the Gasparo da Salo, 199, has the purfling of Andreas Amatus; the early sound-hole of Andreas Amatus; the exquisite corners and finish of Andreas Amatus; the finely cut scroll of Andreas Amatus; at the back of scroll the neat shell and square shoulder of Andreas Amatus; and the back, instead of being made of any rubbish that came to hand, after the manner of Brescia, is of true fiddle-wood, cut the bastard way of the grain, which was the taste of the Amati; and, finally, it is varnished with the best varnish of the Amati. Under these circumstances, I hope I shall not offend the owner by refusing it the inferior name of Gasparo da Salo. It is one of the brightest gems of the collection, and not easily to be matched in Europe.

SECOND LETTER.

August 24th, 1872.

GIO PAOLO MAGGINI is represented at the Kensington Museum by an excellent violin, No. 111, very fine in workmanship and

varnished, but as to the model a trifle too much hollowed at the sides, and so a little inferior to some of his violins, and to the violin No. 70, the model of which, like many of the Brescian school, is simple and perfect. (Model, as applied to a violin, is a term quite distinct from outline.) In No. 70 both belly and back are modeled, with the simplicity of genius, by even gradation, from the center, which is the highest part, down to all the borders of the instrument. The world has come back to this primitive model after trying a score, and prejudice gives the whole credit to Joseph Guarnerius, of Cremona. As to the date of No. 70, the neatness and, above all, the slimness of the sound-hole, mark, I think, a period slightly posterior to Gasparo da Salò. This slim sound-hole is an advance, not a retrogression. The gaping sound-holes of Gasparo da Salò and Maggini were their one great error. They were not only ugly; they lessened the ring by allowing the vibration to escape from the cavity too quickly. No. 60, assigned to Duiffoprugcar and a fabulous antiquity, was made by some 'prentice hand in the seventeenth century; but No. 70 would adorn any collection, being an old master-piece of Brescia or Bologna.

THE SCHOOL OF CREMONA.—Andreas Amatus was more than thirty years old, and an accomplis'ed maker of the older violæ, when the violin was invented in Brescia or Bologna. He does not appear to have troubled his head with the new instrument for some years; one proof more that new they were. They would not at first materially influence his established trade; the old and new family ran side by side. Indeed it took the violin tribe two centuries to drive out the viola da gamba. However, in due course, Andreas Amatus set to work on violins. He learned from the Brescian school the only things they could teach a workman so superior—viz., the four corners and the sound-hole. This Brescian sound-hole stuck to him all his days; but what he had learned in his original art remained by him too. The collection contains three specimens of his handiwork: Violin 202, Mrs. Jay's violin—with the modern head—erroneously assigned to Antonius and Hieronymus; and violoncello No. 183. There are also traces of his hand in the fine tenor 139. In the three instruments just named the purfling is composed in just proportions, so that the white comes out with vigor; it is then inlaid with great neatness. The violoncello is the gem. Its outline is grace itself; the four exquisite curves coincide in one pure and serpentine design. This bass is a violin soufflé; were it shown at a distance it would take the appearance of a most elegant violin; the best basses of Stradiuarius alone will stand this test. (Apply it to the Venetian masterpiece in the same case.) The scroll is perfect in design and chiseled as by a sculptor; the purfling is quite as fine as Stradiuarius; it is violin purfling, yet this seems to add elegance without meanness. It is a masterpiece of Cremona, all but the hideous sound-hole that alone connects this master with the Brescian school.

His sons Antonius and Hieronymus soon cured themselves of that grotesque sound-hole, and created a great school. They chose better wood and made richer varnish, and did many beau-

tiful things. Nevertheless, they infected Italian fiddle-making with a fatal error. They were the first SCOOPERS. Having improved on Brescia in outline and details, they assumed too hastily that they could improve on her model. So they scooped out the wood about the sound-holes and all around, weakening the connection of the center with the sides of the belly, and checking the fullness of the vibration. The German school carried this vice much farther, but the Amati went too far, and inoculated a hundred fine makers with a wrong idea. It took Stradiuarius himself fifty-six years to get entirely clear of it.

The brothers Amati are represented in this collection, first by several tenors that once were noble things, but have been cut on the old system, which was downright wicked. It is cutting in the statutory sense, viz., cutting and maiming! These ruthless men just sawed a crescent off the top, and another off the bottom, and the result is a thing with the inner bought of a giant and the upper and lower bought of a dwarf. If one of these noble instruments survives in England uncut, I implore the owner to spare it; to play on a £5 tenor, with the Amati set before him to look at while he plays. Luckily the scrolls remain to us; and let me draw attention to the scroll of 136. Look at the back of this scroll, and see how it is chiseled—the center line in relief, how sharp, distinct, and fine—this line is obtained by chiseling out the wood on both sides with a single tool, which fiddle-makers call a gauge, and there is nothing but the eye to guide the hand.

There are two excellent violins of this make in the collection—Mrs. Jay's, and the violin of Mr. C. J. Read, No. 75. This latter is the large pattern of those makers, and is more elegant than what is technically called the grand Amati, but not so striking. To appreciate the merit and the defect of this instrument, compare it candidly with the noble Stradiuarius Amatise that hargs by its side, numbered 82. Take a back view first. In outline they are much alike. In the details of work the Amati is rather superior; the border of the Stradiuarius is more exquisite; but the Amati scroll is better pointed and gauged more cleanly, the purfling better composed for effect, and the way that purfling is let in, especially at the corners, is incomparable. On the front view you find the Amati violin is scooped out here and there, a defect the Stradiuarius has avoided. I prefer the Stradiuarius sound-hole *per se*; but if you look at the curves of these two violins, you will observe that the Amati sound-holes are in strict harmony with the curves; and the whole thing the product of one original mind that saw its way.

Nicholas Amatus, the son of Hieronymus, owes his distinct reputation to a single form called by connoisseurs the Grand Amati. This is a very large violin, with extravagantly long corners, extremely fine in all the details. I do not think it was much admired at the time. At all events he made but few, and his copyists, with the exception of Francesco Rugger, rarely selected that form to imitate. But nowadays these violins are almost worshipped, and, as the collection is incomplete without one, I hope some gentleman will kindly send one in before it

closes. There is also wanting an Amati bass, and, if the purchaser of Mr. Gillott's should feel disposed to supply that gap, it would be a very kind act. The Rugger family is numerous; it is represented by one violin (147).

Leaving the makers of the Guarnerius family—five in number—till the last, we come to Antonius Stradiuarius. This unrivaled workman and extraordinary man was born in 1644, and died in December, 1737. There is nothing signed with his name before 1667. He was learning his business thoroughly. From that date till 1736 he worked incessantly, often varying his style, and always improving, till he came to his climax, represented in this collection by the violins 83 and 87, and the violoncello 188.

He began with rather a small, short-cornered violin, which is an imitation of the small Amati, but very superior. He went on, and imitated the large Amati, but softened down the corners. For thirty years—from 1672 to 1703—he poured forth violins of this pattern; there are several in this collection, and one tenor, 139, with a plain back but a beautiful belly, and in admirable preservation. But, while he was making these Amatise violins by the hundred, he had nevertheless his fits of originality, and put forth an anomaly every now and then; sometimes it was a very long, narrow violin with elegant drooping corners, and sometimes, in a happier mood, he combined these drooping corners with a far more beautiful model. Of these varieties No. 86 gives just an indication; no more. These lucid intervals never lasted long; he was back to his Amatis next week. Yet they left, I think, the germs that broke out so marvelously in the next century. About the year 1703 it seems to have struck him like a revelation that he was a greater man than his master. He dropped him once and forever, and for nearly twenty years poured forth with unceasing fertility some admirable works, of which you have three fine examples, under average wear, hard wear, and no wear—90, 92, 91. Please look at the three violins in this order to realize what I have indicated before—that time is no sure measure of events in this business. Nevertheless, in all these exquisite productions, there was one thing which he thought capable of improvement—there was a slight residue of the scoop, especially at the lower part of the back. He began to alter that about 1720, and by degrees went to his grand model, in which there is no scoop at all. This, his grandest epoch, is represented by the Duke of Cambridge's violin, Mr. Arkwright's, and M. le Compté's: this last has the additional characteristic of the stiffer sound-hole and the wood left broad in the wing of the sound hole. One feature more of this his greatest epoch: the purfling, instead of exactly following the corner, is pointed across it in a manner completely original. He made these grand violins and a bass or two till about 1729; after that the grand model is confined to his violins, and the details become inferior in finish. Of this there is an example in No 84, a noble but rough violin in parts of which certain connoisseurs would see, or fancy they saw, the hand of Bergonzi, or of Francesco or Homobuono Stradiuarius. These workmen undoubtedly lived and survived their father a few years. They seem to have worked up his

refuse wood after his death; but their interference with his work while alive has been exaggerated by French connoisseurs. To put a difficult question briefly; their theory fails to observe the style Stradiuarius was coming to even in 1727; it also ignores the age of Stradiuarius during this his last epoch of work, and says that there exists no old man's work by Stradiuarius himself; all this old man's work is done by younger men. However, generalities are useless on a subject so difficult and disputed. The only way is to get the doubtful violins or basses, and analyze them, and should the museum give a permanent corner to Cremonese instruments, this Francesco and Homobuono question will be sifted with examples. The minutiae of work in Stradiuarius are numerous and admirable, but they would occupy too much space and are too well known to need discourse. His varnish I shall treat along with the others. A few words about the man. He was a tall, thin veteran, always to be seen with a white leathern apron and a nightcap on his head: in winter it was white wool, and in summer white cotton. His indomitable industry had amassed some fortune, and "rich as Stradiuarius" was a byword at Cremona, but probably more current among the fiddle-makers than the bankers and merchants. His price toward the latter part of his career was four louis d'or for a violin; his best customers Italy and Spain. Mr. Forster assures us on unimpeachable authority that he once sent some instruments to England on sale or return, and that they were taken back, the merchant being unable to get £5 for a violoncello. What ho! Hang all the Englishmen of that day who are alive to meet their deserts! However, the true point of the incident is, I think, missed by the narrators. The fact is, then, as now, England wanted old Cremonas, not new ones. That the Amati had a familiar reputation here and probably a ready market can be proved rather prettily out of the mouth of Dean Swift. A violin was left on a chair. A lady swept by. Her mantua caught it and knocked it down and broke it. Then the witty dean applied a line in Virgil's Eclogue—

"Mantua vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ."

This was certainly said during the lifetime of Stradiuarius, and proves that the Cremona fiddle had a fixed reputation; it also proves that an Irishman could make a better Latin pun than any old Roman has left behind him. Since I have diverged into what some brute calls anec-dotage let me conclude this article with one that is at all events to the point, since it tells the eventful history of an instrument now on show.

THE ROMANCE OF FIDDLE-DEALING.—Nearly fifty years ago a gaunt Italian called Luigi Tarisio arrived in Paris one day with a lot of old Italian instruments by makers whose names were hardly known. The principal dealers whose minds were narrowed, as is often the case, to three or four makers, would not deal with him. M. Georges Chanot, younger and more intelligent, purchased largely, and encouraged him to return. He came back next year with a better lot; and yearly increasing his

fulds, he flew at the highest game; and in the course of thirty years imported nearly all the finest specimens of Stradiarius, and Guarnerius France possesses. He was the greatest connoisseur that ever lived or ever can live, because he had the true mind of a connoisseur and vast opportunities. He ransacked Italy before the tickets in the violins of Francesco Stradiarius, Alexander Gagliano, Lorenzo Guadagnini, Giofredus Cappa, Gobetti, Morgilato Morella, Antonio Mariani, Santo Maggini, and Matteo Benti of Brescia, Michel Angelo Bergonzi, Montagnana, Thomas Balestrieri, Storioni, Vincenzo Rugger, the Testori, Petrus Guarnerius of Venice, and fully fifty more, had been tampered with, that every brilliant masterpiece might be assigned to some popular name. To his immortal credit, he fought against this mania, and his motto was "A tout seigneur tout honneur." The man's whole soul was in fiddles. He was a great dealer, but a greater amateur. He had gems by him no money would buy from him. No. 91 was one of them. But for his death you would never have cast eyes on it. He has often talked to me of it; but he would never let me see it, for fear I should tempt him.

Well, one day Georges Chanot, Senior, who is perhaps the best judge of violins left, now Tarisio is gone, made an excursion to Spain, to see if he could find anything there. He found mighty little. But, coming to the shop of a fiddle maker, one Ortega, he saw the belly of an old bass hung up with other things. Chanot rubbed his eyes, and asked himself, was he dreaming? the belly of a Stradiarius bass roasting in a shop-window! He went in, and very soon bought it for about forty francs. He then ascertained that the bass belonged to a lady of rank. The belly was full of cracks; so, not to make two bites of a cherry, Ortega had made a nice new one. Chanot carried this precious fragment home and hung it up in his shop, but not in the window, for he is too good a judge not to know the sun will take all the color out of that maker's varnish. Tarisio came in from Italy, and his eye lighted instantly on the Stradiarius belly. He pestered Chanot till the latter sold it him for a thousand francs and told him where the rest was. Tarisio no sooner knew this than he flew to Madrid. He learned from Ortega where the lady lived, and called on her to see it. "Sir," says the lady, "it is at your disposition." That does not mean much in Spain. When he offered to buy it, she coquetted with him, said it had been long in her family; money could not replace a thing of that kind, and in short, she put on the screw, *as she thought*, and sold it him for about four thousand francs. What he did with the Ortega belly is not known—perhaps sold it to some person in the tooth-pick trade. He sailed exultant for Paris with the Spanish bass in a case. He never let it out of his sight. The pair were caught by a storm in the Bay of Biscay. The ship rolled; Tarisio clasped his bass tight, and trembled. It was a terrible gale, and for one whole day they were in real danger. Tarisio spoke of it to me with a shudder. I will give you his real words, for they struck me at the time, and I have often thought of them since—

"AH, MY POOR MR. READE, THE BASS OF SPAIN WAS ALL BUT LOST."

Was not this a true connoisseur? a genuine enthusiast? Observe! there was also an ephemeral insect called Luigi Tarisio, who would have gone down with the bass: but that made no impression on his mind. *De minimis non curat Ludovicus.*

He got it safe to Paris. A certain high priest in these mysteries, called Vuillaume, with the help of a sacred vessel, called the glue-pot, soon rewedded the back and sides to the belly, and the bass being now just what it was when the ruffian Ortega put his finger in the pie, was sold for 20,000 fr. (£800.)

I saw the Spanish bass in Paris twenty-two years ago, and you can see it any day this month you like; for it is the identical violoncello now on show at Kensington, numbered 188. Who would divine its separate adventures, to see it all reposing so calm and uniform in that case—" *Post tot nauragia tutus.*"

THIRD LETTER.

August 27th, 1872.

"THE Spanish bass" is of the grand pattern and exquisitely made: the sound-hole, rather shorter and stiffer than in Stradiarius's preceding epoch, seems stamped out of the wood with a blow, so swiftly and surely is it cut. The purfling is perfection. Look at the section of it in the upper bought of the back. The scroll extremely elegant. The belly is a beautiful piece of wood. The back is of excellent quality, but mean in the figure. The sides are cut the wrong way of the grain; a rare mistake in this master. The varnish sweet, clear, orange-colored, and full of fire. Oh, if this varnish could but be laid on the wood of the Sanctus Seraphin bass! The belly is full of cracks, and those cracks have not been mended without several lines of modern varnish clearly visible to the practiced eye.

Some years ago there was a Stradiarius bass in Ireland. I believe it was presented by General Oliver to Signor Piatti. I never saw it; but some people tell me that in wood and varnish it surpasses the Spanish bass. Should these lines meet Signor Piatti's eye, I will only say that, if he would allow it to be placed in the case for a single week, it would be a great boon to the admirers of these rare and noble pieces, and very instructive. By the side of the Spanish bass stands another, inferior to it in model and general work, superior to it in preservation, No. 187. The unhappy parts are the wood of the sides and the scroll. Bad wood kills good varnish. The scroll is superb in workmanship; it is more finely cut at the back part than the scroll of the Spanish bass; but it is cut out of a pear tree, and that abominable wood gets uglier, if possible, under varnish, and lessens the effect even of first-class work. On the other hand, the back and belly, where the varnish gets fair play, are beautiful. The belly is incomparable. Here is the very finest ruby varnish of Stradiarius, as pure as the day it was laid on. The back was the same color originally, but has been reduced in tint by the fric-

tion this part of a bass encounters when played on. The varnish on the back is chipped all over in a manner most picturesque to the cultivated eye; only *it must go no further*. I find on examination that these chips have all been done a good many years ago, and I can give you a fair, though of course not an exact, idea of the process. Methinks I see an old gentleman seated sipping his last glass of port in the dining-room, over a shining table, whence the cloth was removed for dessert. He wears a little powder still, though no longer the fashion; he has no shirt-collar, but a roll of soft and snowy cambric round his neck, a plain gold pin, and a frilled bosom. He has a white waist-coat—snow-white like his linen; he washes at home—and a blue coat with gilt buttons. Item, a large fob or watch-pocket, whence bulges a golden turnip, and puts forth seed, to wit, a bunch of seals and watch-keys, with perhaps a gold pencil-case. One of these seals is larger than the others; the family arms are engraved on it, and only important letters are signed with it. He rises and goes to the drawing-room. The piano is opened; a servant brings the Stradiuarius bass from the study; the old gentleman takes it and tunes it, and, not to be bothered with his lapels, buttons his coat, and plays his part in a quartet of Haydn or a symphony of Corelli, and smiles as he plays, because he really loves music, and is not overweighted.

Your modern amateur, with a face of justifiable agony, plows the hill of Beethoven and harrows the soul of Reade. Nevertheless, my smiling senior is all the time bringing the finest and most delicate varnish of Stradiuarius into a series of gentle collisions with the following objects: First, the gold pin; then the two rows of brass buttons; and last, not least, the male chatelain of the period. There is an oval chip just off the center of this bass; I give the armorial seal especial credit for that: "A tout seigneur tout honneur."

Take another specimen of eccentric wear: the red Stradiuarius kit 88. The enormous oval wear has been done thus: It has belonged to a dancing-master, and he has clapped it under his arm fifty times a day to show his pupils the steps.

The Guarnerius family consisted of Andreas, his two sons, Petrus and Joseph, his grandson, Petrus Guarnerius of Venice, and Joseph Guarnerius, the greatest of the family, whom Mons. Fetis considers identical with Guiseppè Antonio, born in 1683. There are, however, great difficulties in the way of this theory, which I will reserve for my miscellaneous remarks.

Andreas Guarnerius was the closest of all the copyists of the Amati; so close, indeed, that his genuine violins are nearly always sold as Amati. Unfortunately he imitated the small pattern. His wood and varnish are exactly like Amati; there is, however, a peculiar way of cutting the lower wing of his sound-holes that betrays him at once. When you find him with the border high and broad, and the purfling grand, you may suspect his son Petrus of helping him, for his own style is petty. His basses few, but fine. Petrus Guarnerius of Cremona makes violins prodigiously *bombes*, and more adapted to grumbling inside than singing out; but their appearance magnificent, a grand

deep border, very noble, sound-hole and scroll Amatise, and a deep orange varnish that nothing can surpass. His violins are singularly scarce in England. I hope to see one at the Exhibition before it closes.

Joseph, his brother, is a thorough original. His violins are narrowed under the shoulder in a way all his own. As to models, his fiddles are *bombes* like his brother's; and, as the center has generally sunk from weakness, the violin presents a great bump at the upper part and another at the lower. The violin 97 is by this maker, and is in pure and perfect condition; but the wood having no figure, the beauty of the varnish is not appreciated. He is the king of the varnishers. He was the first man at Cremona that used red varnish oftener than pale, and in that respect was the teacher even of Stradiuarius. When this maker deviates from his custom and puts really good hare-wood into a violin, then his glorious varnish gets fair play, and *nothing can live beside him*. The other day a violin of this make with fine wood, but undersized, was put up at an auction without a name. I suppose nobody knew the maker, for it was sold on its merits, and fetched £160. I brought that violin into the country; gave a dealer £24 for it in Paris.

He made a very few flatter violins, that are worth any money.

Petrus Guarnerius, the son of this Joseph, learned his business in Cremona, but migrated early to Venice. He worked there from 1725 to 1746. He made most beautiful tenors and basses, but was not so happy in his violins. His varnish very fine, but paler than his father's.

Joseph Guarnerius, of Cremona, made violins from about 1725 to 1745. His first epoch is known only to connoisseurs; in *outline* it is hewed out under the shoulder like the fiddle of Joseph, son of Andrew, who was then an old fiddle-maker, but the *model* all his own; even, regular, and perfect. Sound-hole long and characteristic, head rather mean for him; he made but few of these essays, and then went to a different and admirable style a most graceful and elegant violin, which has been too loosely described as a copy of Stradiuarius; it is not that, but a fine violin in which a downright good workman profits by a great contemporary artist's excellences, yet without servility. These violins are not longer nor stiffer in the inner bout than Stradiuarius: they are rather narrow than broad below cut after the plan of Stradiuarius, though not so well, in the central part, the sound-holes exquisitely cut, neither too stiff nor too flowing, the wood between the curves of the sound-holes *remarkably broad*. The scroll grandiose, yet well cut, and the nozzle of the scroll and the little platform. They are generally purfled through both pegs, like Stradiuarius; the wood very handsome, varnish a rich golden brown. I brought three of this epoch into the country; one was sold the other day at Christie's for £260 (bought, I believe, by Lord Dunmore), and is worth £350 as prices go. This epoch, unfortunately, is not yet represented in the collection.

The next epoch is nobly represented by 93, 94, 95. All these violins have the broad center, the grand long inner bout, stiffish

yet not ungraceful, the long and rather upright sound-hole, but well cut; the grand scroll, cut all in a hurry, but noble. 93 is a little the grander in make I think; the purfling being set a hair's-breadth further in, the scroll magnificent; but observe the haste—the deep gague-marks on the side of the scroll; here is already an indication of the slovenliness to come; varnish a lovely orange, wood beautiful; two cracks in the belly, one from the chin-mark to the sound-hole. 94 is a violin of the same make, and without a single crack; the scroll is not quite so grandiose as 93, but the rest incomparable; the belly pure and beautiful, the back a picture. There is nothing in the room that equals in picturesqueness the colors of this magnificent piece; time and fair-play have worn it thus; first, there is a narrow irregular line of wear, caused by the hand in shifting, next comes a sheet of ruby varnish, with no wear to speak of; then an irregular piece is worn out the size of a sixpence; then more varnish; then, from the center downward, a grand wear, the size and shape of a large curving pear; this ends in a broad zigzag ribbon of varnish, and then comes the bare wood caused by the friction in playing, but higher up to the left a score of great bold chips. It is the very beau-ideal of the red Cremona violin, adorned, not injured, by a century's fair wear. No. 95 is a roughish specimen of the same epoch, not so brilliant, but with its own charm. Here the gague-marks of impatience are to be seen on the very border, and I should have expected to see the stiff-throated scroll, for it belongs to this form.

The next epoch is rougher still, and is generally, but not always higher built, with a stiff-throated scroll, and a stiff, quaint sound-hole that is the delight of connoisseurs; and such is the force of genius that I believe in our secret hearts we love these impudent fiddles best—they are so full of chic. After that, he abuses the patience of his admirers; makes his fiddles of a preposterous height, with sound-holes long enough for a tenor; but, worst of all, indifferent wood and downright bad varnish—varnish worthy only of the Guadagnini tribe, and not laid on by the method of his contemporaries. Indeed, I sadly fear it was this great man who, by his ill example in 1740–45, killed the varnish of Cremona. Thus—to show the range of the subject—out of five distinct epochs in the work of this extraordinary man we have only one and a half, so to speak, represented even in this noble collection—the greatest by far the world has ever seen. But I hope to see all these gaps filled, and also to see in the collection a Stradiuarius violin of that kind I call the dolphin-backed. This is a mere matter of picturesque wear. When a red Stradiuarius violin is made of soft velvety wood, and the varnish is just half worn off the back in a rough triangular form, that produces a certain beauty of light and shade which is in my opinion the *ne plus ultra*. These violins are rare. I never had but two in my life. A very obliging dealer, who knows my views, has promised his co-operation, and I think England, which cuts at present rather too poor a figure in respect of this maker, will add a dolphin-backed Stradiuarius to the collection before it is dispersed.

♯ CARLO BERGONZI, if you go by gauging and purfling, is of course an inferior make to the Amati; but, if that is to be the line of reasoning, he is superior to Joseph Guarnerius. We ought to be in one story; if Joseph Guarnerius is the second maker of Cremona, it follows that Carlo Bergonzi is the third. Fine size, reasonable outline, flat and even model, good wood, work, and varnish, and an indescribable air of grandeur and importance. He is quite as rare as Joseph Guarnerius. Twenty-five years ago I ransacked Europe for him—for he is a maker I always loved—and I could obtain but few. No. 109 was one of them, and the most remarkable, take it altogether. In this one case he has really set himself to copy Stradiuarius. He has composed his purfling in the same proportions, which was not at all his habit. He has copied the sound-hole closely, and has even imitated that great man's freak of delicately hollowing out the lower wood-work of the sound-hole. The varnish of this violin is as fine in color as any pale Stradiuarius in the world, and far superior in body to most of them; but that is merely owing to its rare preservation. Most of these pale Stradiuariuses, and especially Mrs. Jay's and No. 86, had once varnish on them as beautiful as is now on this *chef d'œuvre* of Carlo Bergonzi.

Monsieur Fetis having described Michael Angelo Bergonzi as a pupil of Stradiuarius, and English writers having blindly followed him, this seems a fit place to correct that error. Michael Angelo Bergonzi was the son of Carlo; began to work after the death of Stradiuarius, and imitated nobody but his father—and him vilely. His corners are not corners, but peaks. See them once, you never forget them; but you pray Heaven you may never see them again. His ticket runs, "Michael Angelo Bergonzi figlio di Carlo, fece nel Cremona," from 1750 to 1780. Of Nicholas, son of Michael Angelo Bergonzi, I have a ticket dated 1796, but he doubtless began before that, and worked till 1830. He lived till 1838, was well known to Taxis, and it is from him alone we have learned the house Stradiuarius lived in. There is a tenor by Michael Angelo Bergonzi to be seen at Mr. Cox, the picture dealer, Pall-mall, and one by Nicholas, in Mr. Chanot's shop, in Wardour street. Neither of these Bergonzi knew how their own progenitor varnished any more than my housemaid does.

STAINER, a mixed maker. He went to Cremona too late to unlearn his German style, but he moderated it, and does not scoop so badly as his successors. The model of his tenor, especially the back, is very fine. The peculiar defect of it is that it is purflid too near the border, which always gives meanness. This is the more unfortunate, that really he was freer from this defect than his imitators. He learned to varnish in Cremona, but his varnish is generally paler than the native Cremonese. This tenor is exceptional; it has a rose-colored varnish that nothing can surpass. It is lovely.

SANCTUS SERAPHIN.—This is a true Venetian maker. The Venetian born was always half-Cremonese, half-German. In this bass, which is his uniform style, you see a complete mastery of the knife and the gauge. Neither the Stradiuarius nor the

Amati ever purfled a bass more finely, and, to tell the truth, rarely so finely. But oh! the miserable scroll, the abominable sound-hole! Here he shows the cloven foot, and is more German than Stainer. Uniformity was never carried so far as by this natty workman; one violin exactly like the next; one bass the image of its predecessor. His varnish never varies. It is always slightly opaque. This is observed in his violins, but it escapes detection in his basses, because it is but slight, after all, and the wonderful wood he put into his basses shines through that slight defect and hides it from all but practiced eyes. He had purchased a tree or a very large log of it; for this is the third bass I have seen of this wonderful wood. Nowadays you might cut down a forest of sycamore and not match it; those veteran trees are all gone. He has a feature all to himself; his violins have his initials in ebony let into the belly under the broad part of the tail-piece. This natty Venetian is the only old violin maker I know who could write well. The others bungle that part of the date they are obliged to write in the tickets. This one writes it in a hand like copper plate, whence I suspect he was himself the engraver of his ticket, which is unique. It is four times the size of a Cremonese ticket, and has a scroll border composed thus:—The sides of a parallelogram are created by four solid lines like sound-holes; these are united at the sides by two leaves and at the center by two shells. Another serpentine line is then coiled all round them at short intervals, and within the parallelogram the ticket is printed:—

Sanctus Seraphin Utinensis,
Fecit Venetiis, anno 17—.

THE MIGHTY VENETIAN.—I come now to a truly remarkable piece, a basso di camera that comes modestly into the room without a name, yet there is nothing except No. 91 that sends such a thrill through the true connoisseur. The outline is grotesque but original, the model full and swelling but not bumpy, the wood detestable; the back is hare-wood, but without a vestige of figure; so it might just as well be elm; the belly, instead of being made of mountain deal grown on the sunny side of the Alps, is a piece of house-timber. Now these materials would kill any other maker; yet this mighty bass stands its ground. Observe the fiber of the belly; here is the deepest red varnish in the room, and laid on with an enormous brush. Can you see the fiber through the thin varnish of Sanctus Seraphin as plainly as you can see the fiber through this varnish laid on as thick as paint? So much for clearness. Now for color. Let the student stand before this bass, get the varnish into his mind, and then walk rapidly to any other instrument in the room he has previously determined to compare with it. This will be a revelation to him if he has eyes in his head.

And this miracle comes in without a name, and, therefore, is passed over by all the sham judges. And why does it come without a name? I hear a French dealer advised those who framed the catalogue. But the fact is that if a man once narrows his mind to three or four makers, and imagines

they monopolize excellence, he never can be a judge of old instruments, the study is so wide and his mind artificially narrowed. Example of this false method: Mr. Falconer sends in a bass, which he calls Andreas Guarnerius. An adviser does not see that, and suggests "probably by Amati." Now there is no such thing as "*probably* by Amati," any more than there is probably the sun or the moon. That bass is by David Tecchler of Rome; but it is a masterpiece; and so, because he has done better than usual, the poor devil is to be robbed of his credit, and it is to be given, first to one maker *who is in the ring* and then to another *who is in the ring*. The basso di camera, which not being in the ring, comes without a name, is by Domenico Montagnana, of Venice, the greatest maker of basses in all Venice or Cremona except one. If this bass had only a decent piece of wood at the back, it would extinguish all the other basses. But we can remedy that defect. Basses by this maker exist with fine wood. Mr. Hart, senior, sold one some twenty years ago with yellow varnish, and wood striped like a tiger's back. Should these lines meet the eye of the purchaser, I shall feel grateful if he will communicate with me thereupon.

I come now to the last of the Goths, thus catalogued, No. 100, "ascribed to Guarnerius. Probably by Storioni."

Lorenzo Storioni is a maker who began to work at Cremona about 1780. He has a good model but wretched spirit varnish. Violin No. 100 is something much better. It is a violin made before 1760 by Landolfo of Milan. He is a maker well known to experienced dealers who can take their minds out of the ring, but, as the *writers* seem a little confused, and talk of two Landulphs, a Charles and a Ferdinand, I may as well say here that the two are one. This is the true ticket:

Carolus Ferdinandus Landulphus,
fecit Mediolani in via S. Mar-
garitæ, anno, 1756.

Stiff inner-bought really something like Joseph Guarnerius, but all the rest quite unlike: scroll very mean, varnish good; and sometimes very fine. Mr. Moore's in point of varnish, is a fine specimen. It has a deeper, nobler tint than usual. This maker is very interesting, on account of his being absolutely the last Italian who used the glorious varnish of Cremona. It died first at Cremona; lingered a year or two more at Venice; Landolfo retained it at Milan till 1760, and with him it ended.

In my next and last article I will deal with the varnish of Cremona, as illustrated by No. 91 and other specimens, and will enable the curious to revive that lost art if they choose.

FOURTH LETTER.

August 31st, 1872.

THE fiddles of Cremona gained their reputation by superior tone, but they hold it now mainly by their beauty. For thirty years past violins have been made equal in model to the *chef-d'œuvres* of Cremona, and stronger in wood than Stradivarius,

and more scientific than Guarnerius in the thicknesses. This class of violins is hideous, but has one quality in perfection—POWER: whilst the masterpieces of Cremona eclipse every new violin in sweetness, oiliness, crispness, and volume of tone as distinct from loudness. Age has dried their vegetable juices, making the carcass much lighter than that of a new violin, and those light dry frames vibrate at a touch.

But M. Fetis goes too far when he intimates that Stradiuarius is louder as well as sweeter than Lupot, Gand, or Bernardel. Take a hundred violins by Stradiuarius and open them; you find about ninety-five patched in the center with new wood. The connecting link is a sheet of glue. And is glue a fine resonant substance? And are the glue and the new wood of John Bull and Jean Crapeaud transmogrified into the wood of Stradiuarius by merely sticking on to it? Is it not extravagant to quote patched violins as beyond rivalry in all the qualities of sound? How can they be the loudest, when the center of the sound-board is a mere sandwich, composed of the maker's thin wood, a buttering of glue, and a huge slice of new wood?

Joseph Guarnerius has plenty of wood; but his thicknesses are not always so scientific as those of the best modern fiddle-makers; so that even he can be rivaled in power by a new violin, though not in richness and sweetness. Consider, then, these two concurrent phenomena, that for twenty-five years new violins, have been better made for sound than they ever were made in this world, yet old Cremona violins have nearly doubled in price, and you will divine, as the truth is, that old fiddles are not bought by the ear alone. I will add that 100 years ago, when the violins of Brescia and of Stradiuarius and Guarnerius were the only well-modeled violins, they were really bought by the ear, and the prices were moderate. Now they are in reality bought by the eye, and the price is enormous. The reason is that their tone is good but their appearance inimitable; because the makers chose fine wood and laid on a varnish highly colored, yet clear as crystal, with this strange property—it becomes far more beautiful by time and usage: it wears softly away, or chips boldly away, in such forms as to make the whole violin picturesque, beautiful, various, and curious.

To approach the same conclusion by a different road—No. 94 is a violin, whose picturesque beauty I have described already; twenty-five years ago Mr. Plowden gave £450 for it. It is now, I suppose, worth £500. Well, knock that violin down and crack it in two places, it will sink that moment to the value of the "violon du diable," and be worth £350. But collect twenty amateurs all ready to buy it, and, instead of cracking it, dip it into a jar of spirits and wash the varnish off. Not one of those customers will give you above £40 for it; nor would it in reality be worth quite so much in the market. Take another example. There is a beautiful and very perfect violin by Stradiuarius, which the *Times*, in an article on these instruments, calls La Messie. These leading journals have private information on every subject, even grammar. I prefer to call it—after the very intelligent man to whom we owe the sight of it—the Vuillaume

Stradiuarius. Well, the Vuillaume Stradiuarius is worth, as times go, £600 at least. Wash off the varnish, it would be worth £35; because unlike No. 94, it has one little crack. As a further illustration that violins are heard by the eye, let me remind your readers of the high prices at which numberless copies of the old makers were sold in Paris for many years. The inventors of this art undertook to deliver a new violin, that in usage and color of the worn parts should be exactly like an old and worn violin of some favorite maker. Now, to do this with white wood was impossible; so the wood was baked in the oven or colored yellow with the smoke of sulphuric acid, or so forth, to give it the color of age; but these processes kill the wood as a vehicle of sound; and these copies were, and are, the worst musical instruments Europe has created in this century; and bad as they are at starting, they get worse every year of their untuneful existence: yet, because they flattered the eye with something like the light and shade and picturesqueness of the Cremona violin, these pseudo-antiques, though illimitable in number, sold like wildfire; and hundreds of self-deceivers heard them by the eye, and fancied these tinpots sounded divinely. The hideous red violins of Bernadel, Gand, and an English maker or two, are a reaction against those copies; they are made honestly with white wood, and they will, at all events, improve in sound every year and every decade. It comes to this, then, that the varnish of Cremona, as operated on by time and usage, has an inimitable beauty, and we pay a high price for it in second-class makers, and an enormous price in a fine Stradiuarius or Joseph Guarnerius. No wonder, then, that many violin-makers have tried hard to discover the secret of this varnish; many chemists have given days and nights of anxious study to it. More than once, even in my time, hopes have run high, but only to fall again. Some have even cried Eureka! to the public; but the moment others looked at the discovery and compared it with the real thing, "inextinguishable laughter shook the skies." At last despair has succeeded to all that energetic study, and the varnish of Cremona is sullenly give up as a lost art.

I have heard and read a great deal about it, and I think I can state the principal theories briefly, but intelligibly.

1. It used to be stoutly maintained that the basis was amber; that these old Italians had the art of infusing amber without impairing its transparency; once fused by dry heat, it could be boiled into a varnish with oil and spirit of turpentine, and combined with transparent yet lasting colors. To convince me, they used to rub the worn part of a Cremona with their sleeves, and then put the fiddle to their noses, and smell amber. Then I, burning with love of knowledge, used to rub the fiddle very hard and whip it to my nose, and not smell amber. But that might arise in some measure from there not being any amber there to smell. (N. B.—These amber-seeking worthies never rubbed the colored varnish on an old violin. Yet their theory had placed amber there.)

2. That time does it all. The violins of Stradiuarius were raw, crude things at starting, and the varnish rather opaque.

3. Two or three had the courage to say it was spirit-varnish, and alleged in proof that if you drop a drop of alcohol on a Stradiuarius, it tears the varnish off as it runs.

4. The far more prevalent notion was that it is an oil varnish, in support of which they pointed to the rich appearance of what they called the bare wood, and contrasted the miserable hungry appearance of the wood in all old violins known to be spirit-varnished—for instance, Nicholas Gagliano, of Naples, and Jean Baptiste Guadagnini, of Piacenza, Italian makers contemporary with Joseph Guarnerius.

5. That the secret has been lost by adulteration. The old Cremonese and Venetians got pure and sovereign gums, that have retired from commerce.

Now, as to theory No. 1.—Surely amber is too dear a gum and too impracticable for two hundred fiddle-makers to have used in Italy. Till fused by dry heat it is no more soluble in varnish than quartz is; and who can fuse it? Copal is inclined to melt, but amber to burn, to catch fire, to do anything but melt. Put the two gums to a lighted candle, you will then appreciate the difference. I tried more than one chemist in the fusing of amber; it came out of their hands a dark brown opaque substance, rather burnt than fused. When really fused it is a *dark olive green, as clear as crystal*. Yet I never knew but one mau who could bring it to this, and he had special machinery, invented by himself, for it; in spite of which he nearly burned down his house at it one day. I believe the whole amber theory comes out of a verbal equivoque; the varnish of the Amati was called amber to mark its rich color, and your *a priori* reasoners went off on that, forgetting that amber must be an inch thick to exhibit the color of amber. By such reasoning as this Mr. Davitson, in a book of great general merit, is misled so far as to put down powdered glass for an ingredient in Cremona varnish. Mark the logic. Glass in a sheet is transparent, so if you reduce it to powder it will add transparency to varnish. Imposed on by this chimera, he actually puts powdered glass, an opaque and insoluble sediment, into four receipts for Cremona varnish.

But the theories 2, 3, 4, 5 have all a good deal of truth in them; their fault is that they are too narrow, and too blind to the truth of each other. *In this as in every scientific inquiry, the true solution is that which reconciles all the truths that seem at variance.*

The way to discover a lost art, once practiced with variations by a hundred people, is to examine very closely the most brilliant specimen, the most characteristic specimen, and, indeed, the most extravagant specimen—if you can find one. I took that way, and I found in the chippiest varnish of Stradiuarius, viz., his dark red varnish, the key to all the varnish of Cremona, red or yellow. (N. B.—The yellow always beat me dead, till I got to it by this detour.) There is no specimen in the collection of this red varnish so violent as I have seen; but Mr. Pawle's bass, No. 187, will do. Please walk with me up to the back of that bass, and let us disregard all hypotheses and theories, and

use our eyes. What do we see before us? A bass with red varnish that chips very readily off what people call the bare wood. But never mind what these echoes of echoes call it. What is it? It is not bare wood. Bare wood turns a dirty brown with age. This is a rich and lovely yellow. By its color and its glassy gloss, and by disbelieving what echoes say and trusting only to our eyes, we may see at a glance it is not bare wood, but highly varnished wood. This varnish is evidently oil, and contains a gum. Allowing for the tendency of oil to run into the wood, I should say *four coats of oil varnish*, and this they call the bare wood. We have now discovered the first process: a clear oil varnish laid on the white wood with some transparent gum not high colored. Now proceed a step further; the red and chippy varnish, what is that? "Oh, that is a varnish of the same quality but another color," say the theorists No. 4. "How do you know?" say I. "It is self-evident. Would a man begin with oil varnish and then go into spirit varnish?" is their reply. Now observe, this is not humble observation, it is only rational preconception. But if discovery has an enemy in the human mind that enemy is preconception. Let us then trust only to humble observation. Here is a clear varnish without the ghost of a chip in its nature; and upon it is a red varnish that is all chip. Does that look as if the two varnishes were homogeneous? Is chip precisely the same thing as no chip? If homogeneous, there would be chemical affinity between the two. But this extreme readiness of the red varnish to chip away from the clear marks a defect of chemical affinity between the two. Why, if you were to put your thumb nail against that red varnish, a little piece would come away directly. This is not so in any known case of oil upon oil. Take old Forster, for instance; he begins with clear oil varnish; then on that he puts a distinct oil varnish with the color and transparency of pea-soup. You will not get his pea-soup to chip off his clear varnish in a hurry. There is a bass by William Forster in the collection a hundred years old; but the wear is confined to the places where the top varnish MUST go in a played bass. Everywhere else his pea-soup sticks tight to his clear varnish, being oil upon oil.

Now, take a perfectly distinct line of observation. In varnishes oil is a diluent of color. It is not in the power of man to charge an oil varnish with color so highly as the top varnish of Mr. Pawle's bass is charged. And it must be remembered that the clear varnish below has filled all the pores of the wood; therefore the diluent cannot escape into the wood, and so leave the color undiluted; if that red varnish was ever oil varnish, every particle of the oil must be there still. What, in that mere film so crammed with color? Never! Nor yet in the top varnish of the Spanish bass, which is thinner still, yet more charged with color than any topaz of twice the thickness. This, then, is how Antonius Stradiuarius varnished Mr. Pawle's bass. He began with three or four coats of oil varnish containing some common gum. He then laid on several coats of red varnish, made by simply dissolving some fine red unadulterated gum in spirit; the spirit evaporated and left pure gum lying on

a rich oil varnish, from which it chips by its dry nature and its utter want of chemical affinity to the substratum. On the Spanish bass Stradiuarius put not more, I think, than two coats of oil varnish, and then a spirit varnish consisting of a different gum, less chippy, but even more tender and wearable than the red. Now take this key all round the room, and you will find there is not a lock it will not open. Look at the varnish on the back of the "violon du diable," as it is called. There is the top varnish with all the fire of a topaz and far more color; for slice the deepest topaz to that thinness, it would pale before that varnish. And why? 1st. Because this is no oily dilution; it is a divine unadulterated gum, left there undiluted by evaporation of the spirituous vehicle. 2d. Because this varnish is a jewel with the advantage of a foil behind it; that foil is the fine oil varnish underneath. The purest specimen of Stradiuarius's red varnish in the room is, perhaps, Mr. Fountaine's kit. Look at the back of it by the light of these remarks. What can be plainer than the clear oil varnish with not the ghost of a chip in it, and the glossy top varnish so charged with color, and so ready to chip from the varnish below, for want of chemical affinity between the varnishes? The basso di camera by Montagnana is the same thing. See the bold wear on the back revealing the heterogeneous varnish below the red. *They are all the same thing.* The palest violins of Stradiuarius and Amati are much older and harder worn than Mr. Pawle's bass, and the top varnish not of a chippy character; yet look at them closely by the light of these remarks, and you shall find one or two phenomena—either the tender top varnish has all been worn away, and so there is nothing to be inferred one way or other; or else there are flakes of it left, and, if so, these flakes, however thin, shall always betray, by the superior vividness of their color to the color of the subjacent oil varnish, that they are not oil varnish, but pure gum left there by evaporating spirit on a foil of beautiful oil varnish. Take Mrs. Jay's Amatise Stradiuarius; on the back of that violin toward the top there is a mere flake of top varnish left by itself; all round it is nothing left but the bottom varnish. That fragment of top varnish is a film thinner than gold leaf; yet look at its intensity; it lies on the fine old varnish like fixed lightning, it is so vivid. It is just as distinct from the oil varnish as is the red varnish of the kit. Examine the Duke of Cambridge's violin, or any other Cremona instrument in the whole world you like; it is always the same thing, though not so self-evident as in the red and chippy varnishes. The Vuillaume Stradiuarius, not being worn, does not assist us in this particular line of argument; but it does not contradict us. Indeed, there are a few little chips in the top varnish of the back, and they reveal a heterogeneous varnish below, with its rich yellow color like the bottom varnish of the Pawle bass. Moreover, if you look at the top varnish closely you shall see what you never see in a new violin of our day; not a vulgar glare upon the surface, but a gentle inward fire. Now that inward fire, I assure you, is mainly caused by the oil varnish below; the orange varnish above has a heterogeneous foil below. That inward glow is characteristic of

all foils. If you could see the Vuillaume Stradiuarius at night and move it about in the light of a candle, you would be amazed at the fire of the foil and the refraction of light.

Thus, then, it is. The unlucky phrase "varnish of Cremona" has weakened men's powers of observation by fixing a preconceived notion that the varnish must be all one thing. *The Cremona varnish is not varnish, but two varnishes; and those varnishes always heterogeneous: that is to say, first the pores of the wood are filled and the grain shown up by one, by two, by three, and sometimes, though rarely, by four coats of fine oil varnish with some common but clear gum in solution. Then upon this oil varnish, when dry, is laid a heterogeneous varnish, viz., a solution in spirit of some sovereign, high colored, pellucid, and, above all, tender gum.* Gum-lac, which for forty years has been the mainstay of violin makers, must never be used; not one atom of it. That vile, flinty gum killed varnish at Naples and Piacenza a hundred and forty years ago, as it kills varnish now. Old Cremona shunned it, and whoever employs a grain of it, commits willful suicide as a Cremonese varnisher. It will not wear; it will not chip; it is in every respect the opposite of the Cremona gums. Avoid it utterly, or fail hopelessly, as all varnishers have failed since that fatal gum came in. The deep red varnish of Cremona is pure dragon's blood; not the cake, the stick, the filthy trash, which, in this sinful and adulterating generation, is retailed under that name, but the tear of dragon's blood, little lumps deeper in color than a carbuncle, clear as crystal, and fiery as a ruby. Unadulterated dragon's blood does not exist in commerce west of Temple-bar; but you can get it by groping in the City as hard as Diogenes had to grope for an honest man in a much less knavish town than London. The yellow varnish is the unadulterated tear of another gum, retailed in a cake like dragon's blood, and as great a fraud. All cakes and sticks presented to you in commerce as gums are audacious swindles. A true gum is the tear of a tree. For the yellow tear, as for the red, grope the City harder than Diogenes. The orange varnish of Peter Guarnerius and Stradiuarius is only a mixture of these two genuine gums. Even the milder reds of Stradiuarius are slightly reduced with the yellow gum. The Montagnana bass and No. 94 are pure dragon's blood mellowed down by time and exposure only.

A violin varnished as I have indicated will look a little better than other new violins from the first; the back will look nearly as well as the Vuillaume Stradiuarius, but not quite. The belly will look a little better if properly prepared; will show the fiber of the deal better. But its principal merit is, that like the violins of Cremona, it will vastly improve in beauty if much exposed and persistently played. And that improvement will be rapid, because the tender top varnish will wear away from the oily substratum four times as quickly as any vulgar varnish of the day will chip or wear. We cannot do what Stradiuarius could not do—give to a new violin the peculiar beauty, that comes to heterogenous varnishes of Cremona from age and honest wear; but, on the other hand, it is a mistake to suppose that

one hundred years are required to develop the beauty of any Cremona varnishes, old or new. The ordinary wear of a century cannot be condensed into one year or five, but it can be condensed into twenty years. Any young amateur may live to play on a magnificent Cremona made for himself, if he has the enthusiasm to follow my directions. Choose the richest and finest wood; have the violin made after the pattern of a rough Joseph Guarnerius; then you need not sand-paper the back, sides, or head. for sand-paper is a great enemy to varnish; it drives more wood-dust into the pores than you can blow out. If you sand-paper the belly, sponge that finer dust out, as far as possible, and varnish when dry. That will do no harm, and throw up the fiber. Make your own linseed oil—the linseed oil of commerce is adulterated with animal oil and fish oil, which are non-drying oils—and varnish as I have indicated above, and when the violin is strung treat it regularly with a view to fast wear; let it hang up in a warm place, exposed to dry air, night and day. Never let it be shut up in a case except for transport. Lend it for months to the leader of an orchestra. Look after it, and see that it is constantly played and constantly exposed to dry air all about it. Never clean it, never touch it with a silk handkerchief. In twenty years your heterogeneous varnishes will have parted company in many places. The back will be worn quite picturesque; the belly will look as old as Joseph Guarnerius; there will be a delicate film on the surface of the grand red varnish mellowed by exposure, and a marvelous fire below. In a word, you will have a glorious Cremona fiddle. Do you aspire to do more, and to make a downright old Cremona violin? Then, my young friend, you must treat yourself as well as the violin; you must not smoke all day, nor the last thing at night; you must never take a dram before dinner and call it bitters; you must be as true to your spouse as ever you can, and, in a word, live moderately, and cultivate good temper and avoid great wrath. By these means, *Deo volente*, you shall live to see the violin that was made for you and varnished by my receipt, as old and worn and beautiful a Cremona as the Joseph Guarnerius No. 94. beyond which nothing can go.

To show the fiddle-maker what may be gained by using as little sand-paper as possible, let him buy a little of Maunder's palest copal varnish; then let him put a piece of deal on his bench and take a few shavings off it with a carpenter's plane. Let him lay his varnish directly on the wood so planed. It will have a fire and a beauty he will never quite attain to by scraping, sand-papering, and then varnishing the same wood with the same varnish. And this applies to hare-wood as well as deal. The back of the Vuillaume Stradiuarius, which is the finest part, has clearly not been sand-papered in places, so probably not at all. Wherever it is possible, varnish after cold steel. at all events in imitating the Cremonese, and especially Joseph Guarnerius. These, however, are minor details, which I have only inserted, because I foresee that I may be unable to return to this subject in writing, though I shall be very happy to talk about it at my own place to any one who really cares about the

matter. However, it is not every day one can restore a lost art to the world; and I hope that, and my anxiety not to do it by halves, will excuse this prolix article.

CHARLES READ.

THE STORY OF THE BOAT RACE OF 1872.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "OBSERVER."

THIS great annual race has become a national event. The rival crews are watched by a thousand keen eyes from the moment they appear on the Thames; their trials against time or scratch crews are noted and reported to the world; criticism and speculation are unintermittent, and the Press prints two hundred volumes about the race before ever it is run.

When the day comes England suspends her liberties for an hour or two, makes her police her legislators; and her river, though by law a highway, becomes a race course; passengers and commerce are both swept off it not to spoil sacred sport; London pours out her myriads; the country flows in to meet them; the roads are clogged with carriages and pedestrians all making for the river; its banks on both sides are blackened by an unbroken multitude five miles long; on all the bridges that command the race people hang and cluster like swarming bees; windows, seats, balconies, are crammed, all glowing with bright colors (blue predominating), and sparkling with brighter eyes of the excited fair ones.

The two crews battle over the long course under one continuous roar of a raging multitude. At last—and often after fluctuations in the race that drive the crowd all but mad—there is a puff of smoke, a loud report, one boat has won, though both deserve; and the victors are the true kings of all that mighty throng; in that hour the Premier of England, the Primate, the poet, the orator, the philosopher of his age, would walk past unheeded if the Stroke oar of the victorious boat stood anywhere near.

To cynics and sedentary students all this seems childish, and looks like paying to muscle a homage that is never given by acclamation to genius and virtue.

But, as usual, the public is not far wrong; the triumph, though loud, is evanescent, and much has been done and endured to earn it. No glutton, no wine-bibber, no man of impure life could live through that great pull; each victor *abstinit venere et vino, sudavit et alsit*.

The captain of the winning boat has taught Government a lesson; for in selecting his men he takes care of Honor, and does not take care of Dowry, for that would be to throw the race away upon dry land; but the public enthusiasm rests on broader and more obvious grounds than these. Every nation has a right to admire its own traits in individuals, when those traits are honorable and even innocent. England is not bound to admire those athletes, who every now and then proclaim their nationality by drinking a quart of gin right off for a wager; but we are a nation

great upon the water, and great at racing, and we have a right to admire these men, who combine the two things to perfection. This is the king of races, for it is run by the king of animals working, after his kind, by combination, and with a concert so strong, yet delicate, that for once it eclipses machinery. But, above all, here is an example, not only of strength, wind, spirit, and pluck indomitable, but of pure and crystal honor. Foot races and horse races have been often sold, and the betters betrayed; but this race never—and it never will be. Here, from first to last, all is open, because all is fair and glorious as the kindred daylight it courts. We hear of shivering stable boys sent out on a frosty morning to try race-horses on the sly, and so give the proprietors private knowledge to use in betting. Sometimes these early worms have been preceded by earlier ones, who are watching behind a hedge. Then shall the trainer whisper one of the boys to hold in the faster horse, and so enact a profitable lie. Not so the University crews; they make trials in broad daylight for their own information; and those trials are always faithful. The race is pure, is and a strong corrective annually administered to the malpractices of racing. And so our two great fountains of learning are one fount of honor, God be thanked for it! So the people do well to roar their applause, and every nobleman who runs horses may be proud to take for his example these high-spirited gentlemen, who nobly run a nobler creature, for they run themselves. The recent feature of this great race has been the recovery of Cambridge in 1870 and 1871, after nine successive defeats; defeats the more remarkable that up to 1861, Oxford was behind her in the number of victories. The main cause of a result so peculiar was that system of rowing Oxford had invented and perfected. The true Oxford stroke is slow in the water but swift in the air; the rower goes well forward, drops his oar clean into the water, goes well backward, and makes his stroke, but, this done, comes swiftly forward all of a piece, hands foremost. Thus, though a slow stroke, it is a very busy one. Add to this a clean feather, and a high sweep of the oars to avoid rough water, and you have the true Oxford stroke, which is simply the perfection of rowing, and can, of course, be defeated by superior strength or bottom; but, *cæteris paribus*, is almost sure to win.

Nine defeats were endured by Cambridge with a fortitude, a patience, and a temper that won every heart, and in 1870 she reaped her reward. She sent up a crew, led by Mr. Goldie—who had been defeated the year before by Darbishire's Oxford eight—and coached by Mr. Morrison. This Cambridge crew pulled the Oxford stroke, or nearly, drove Oxford in the race to a faster stroke that does not suit her, and won the race with something to spare, though stuck to indomitably by Darbishire and an inferior crew. In 1871 Oxford sent up a heavy crew, with plenty of apparent strength, but not the precision and form of Mr. Goldie's eight. Cambridge took the lead and kept it.

This year Oxford was rather unlucky in advance. The city was circumnavigable by little ships, and you might have tacked

an Indiaman in Magdalen College meadow; but this was unfavorable to eight-oar practice. Then Mr. Lesley, the stroke, sprained his side, and resigned his post to Mr. Houblon, a very elegant oarsman, but one who pulls a quick stroke, not healthy to Oxford on Father Thames his bosom. Then their boat was found to be not so lively as the Cambridge boat built by Clasper. A new boat was ordered, and she proved worse in another way than Salter's. In a word, Oxford came to the scratch to-day with a good stiff boat, not lively, with 20lb. more dead weight inside the coxswain's jacket, and with a vast deal of pluck and not a little Hemiplegia. The betting was five to two against her.

Five minutes before the rivals came out, it was snowing so hard that the race bade fair to be invisible. I shall not describe the snow, nor any of the atmospheric horrors that made the whole business purgatory instead of pleasure. I take a milder revenge; I only curse them.

Putney roared, and out came the Dark Blue crew; they looked strong and wiry, and likely to be troublesome attendants. Another roar, and out came the Light Blue. So long as the boats were stationary, one looked as likely as the other to win.

They started. Houblon took it rather easy at first; and Cambridge obtained a lead directly, and at the Soap Works was half a length ahead. This was reduced by Mr. Hall's excellent steering a foot or two by the time they shot Hammersmith Bridge. As the boats neared Chiswick Eyot, where many a race has changed, Oxford gradually reduced the lead to a foot or two; and if this could have been done with the old, steady, much-enduring stroke, I would not have given much for the leading boat's chance. But it was achieved by a stroke of full thirty-nine to the minute, and neither form nor time was perfect. Mr. Goldie now called upon his crew, and the Clasper boat showed great qualities; it shot away visibly, like a horse suddenly spurred; this spurt proved that Cambridge had great reserves of force, and Oxford had very little. Houblon and his gallant men struggled nobly and unflinchingly on; but, between Barnes Bridge and Mortlake, Goldie put the steam on again, and increased the lead to about a length and a half clear water. The gun was fired, and Cambridge won the race of 1872.

In this race Oxford, contrary to her best traditions, pulled a faster stroke than Cambridge; the Oxford coxswain's experience compensated for his greater weight. The lighter coxswain steered his boat in and out a bit, and will run some risk of being severely criticised by all our great contemporaries—except *Zig-Zag*. As for me, my fifty summers or fifty winters—there is no great difference in this island of the blessed, they are neither of them so horrible as the spring—have disinclined me to thunder on the young. A veteran journalist perched on the poop of a steam vessel has many advantages. He has a bird's-eye view of the Thames, and can steer Clasper's boat with his mind far more easily than can a younster squatted four inches above the water, with eight giants intercepting his view of a strange river, and a mob shouting in his ears like all the wild beasts of a thousand forests.

Mr. Goldie has done all his work well for months. He chose his men impartially, practiced them in time, and finally rowed the race with perfect judgment. He took an experimental time, and finding he could hold it, made no premature call upon his crew. He held the race in hand, and won it from a plucky opponent without distressing his men needlessly. No man is a friend of Oxford, who tells her to overrate accidents, and underrate what may be done by a wise President before ever the boats reach Putney. This London race was virtually won at Cambridge. Next year let Oxford choose her men from no favorite schools or colleges, lay aside her prejudice against Clasper, and give him a trial; at all events, return to her swinging-stroke, and practice till not only all the eight bodies go like one, but all eight rowlocks ring like one; and the spirit and bottom that enabled her to hang so long on the quarter of a first-rate crew in a first-rate boat will be apt to land her a winner in the next and many a hard-fought race.

CHARLES READE.



BUILDERS' BLUNDERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

FIRST LETTER.

SIR,—Amidst the din of arms abroad and petty politics at home, have you a corner for a subject less exciting, but very important to Englishmen? Then let me expose that great blot upon the English intellect, the thing we call a HOUSE, especially as it is built in our streets, rows, and squares.

To begin at the bottom—the drains are inside and hidden; nobody knows their course. A foul smell arises; it has to be groped for, and half the kitchen and scullery floors taken up—blunder 1. Drains ought to be outside; and, if not, their course be marked, with the graving tool on the stones, and a map of the drains deposited with a parish officer; overlaying boards and stones ought to be hinged, to facilitate examination. Things capable of derangement should never be inaccessible. This is common sense; yet, from their drains to their chimneypots, the builders defy this maxim.

The kitchen windows are sashes, and all sash-windows are a mistake. They are small; they ought to be as large as possible. The want of light in kitchens is one of the causes why female servants—though their lot is a singularly happy one—are singularly irritable. But, not to dwell on small errors, the next great blunder in the kitchen is THE PLASTER CEILING.

The plaster ceiling may pass, with London builders, for a venerable antiquity that nothing can disturb, but to scholars it is an unhappy novelty, and, in its present form, inexcusable. It was invented in a tawdry age as a vehicle of florid ornamentation; but what excuse can there be for a *plain* plaster ceiling? Count the objections to it in a kitchen. 1. A kitchen is a low room, and the ceiling makes it nine inches lower. 2. White is a glar-

ing color, and a white ceiling makes a low room look lower. 3. This kitchen ceiling is dirty in a month's wear, and filthy in three months, with the smoke of gas, and it is a thing the servants cannot clean. 4. You cannot hang things on it.

Now change all this: lay out the prime cost of the ceiling, and a small part of its yearly cost, in finishing your joists and boards to receive varnish, and in varnishing them with three coats of good copal. Your low room is now nine inches higher, and looks three feet. You can put in hooks and staples galore, and make the roof of this business-room useful; it is, in color, a pale amber at starting, which is better for the human eye than white glare, and, instead of getting uglier every day, as the plaster ceiling does, it improves every month, every year, every decade, every century. Clean deal, under varnish, acquires in a few years a beauty oak can never attain to. So much for the kitchen.

The kitchen stairs, whether of stone or wood, ought never to be laid down without a protecting nozzle. The brass nozzle costs some money, the lead nozzle hardly any: no nozzle can be dear; for it saves the steps, and they are dearer. See how the kitchen steps are cut to pieces for want of that little bit of forethought in the builder.

We are now on the first floor. Over our heads is a blunder, the plaster ceiling, well begrimed with the smoke from the gaselier, and not cleanable by the servants: and we stand upon another blunder; here are a set of boards, not joined together. They are nailed down loose, and being of green wood they gape: now the blunder immediately below, the plaster ceiling of the kitchen, has provided a receptacle of dust several inches deep. This rises when you walk upon the floor, rises in clouds when your children run; and that dust marks your carpet in black lines, and destroys it before its time. These same boards are laid down without varnish; by this means they rot, and do not last one-half, nor, indeed, one-quarter, of their time. Moreover, the unvarnished boards get filthy at the sides before you furnish, and thus you lose the cleanest and most beautiful border possible to your carpet. So the householder is driven by the incapacity of the builder to pitiable substitutes—oil cloth, Indian matting, and stained wood, which last gets uglier every year, whereas deal boards varnished clean improve every year, every decade, every century.

I am, sir,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES READE.

SECOND LETTER.

SIR,—When last seen I was standing on the first floor of the thing they call a house, with a bundle under my feet—unvarnished, unjoined boards; and a blunder over my head—the oppressive, glaring, plaster ceiling, full of its inevitable cracks, and

foul with the smoke of only three months' gas. This room has square doors with lintels. Now all doors and doorways ought to be arched, for two reasons—first, the arch is incombustible, the lintel and breast-summer are combustible; secondly, the arch, and arched door, are beautiful; the square hole in the wall, and square door, are hideous.

SASH WINDOWS.

This room is lighted by what may be defined "the unscientific window." Here in this single structure you may see most of the intellectual vices that mark the unscientific mind. The scientific way is always the simple way; so here you have complication on complication, one half the window is to go up, the other half is to come down. The maker of it goes out of his way to struggle with Nature's laws: he grapples insanely with gravitation, and therefore he must use cords, and weights, and pulleys, and build boxes to hide them in—he is a great hider. His wooden frames move up and down wooden grooves open to atmospheric influence. What is the consequence? The atmosphere becomes humid; the wooden frame sticks in the wooden box, and the unscientific window is jammed. What ho! Send for the CURSE OF FAMILIES, the British workman! Or one of the cords breaks (they are always breaking)—send for the CURSE OF FAMILIES to patch the blunder of the unscientific builder.

Now turn to the scientific window; it is simply a glass door with a wooden frame: it is not at the mercy of the atmosphere; it enters into no contest with gravitation; it is the one rational window upon earth. If a small window, it is a single glass door, if a large window, it is two glass doors, each calmly turning on three hinges, and not fighting against God Almighty and his laws, when there is no need.

The scientific window can be cleaned by the householder's servants without difficulty or danger, not so the unscientific window.

How many a poor girl has owed broken bones to the sash-window! Nowadays human masters, afflicted with unscientific windows, send for the CURSE OF FAMILIES whenever their windows are dirty; but this costs seven or eight pounds a year, and the householder is crushed under taxes enough without having to pay this odd seven pounds per annum for the nescience of the builder.

We go up the stairs—between two blunders; the balusters are painted, whereas they ought to be made and varnished in the carpenter's shop, and then put up; varnished wood improves with time, painted deteriorates. On the other side is the domestic calamity, foul wear, invariable, yet never provided for; furniture mounting the narrow stairs dents the wall and scratches it; sloppy housemaids paw it as they pass, and their dirty gowns, distended by crinoline, defile it.

What is to be done then? must the whole staircase be repainted every year, because five feet of it get dirty, or shall brains step in and protect the vulnerable part?

The cure to this curse is chunam; or encaustic tiles, set five

feet high all up the stairs. That costs money! Granted; but the life of the house is not the life of a butterfly. Even the tiles are a cheap cure, for repeated paintings of *the whole surface* mighty soon balance the prime cost of the tiles set over a small part.

The water-closet has no fire-place. That is a blunder. Every year we have a few days' hard frost, and then, without a fire in the water-closet, the water in the pan freezes, the machinery is jammed, and the whole family endure a degree of discomfort, and even of degradation, because the builder builds in summer and forgets there is such a thing as winter.

The drawing-room presents no new feature; but the plaster ceiling is particularly objectionable in this room, because it is under the bedrooms, where water is used freely. Now if a man spills but a pint of water in washing or bathing, it runs through directly and defiles the drawing-room ceiling. Perhaps this blunder ought to be equally divided between the ceiling and the floor above, for whenever bedroom floors shall be properly constructed they will admit of buckets of water being sluiced all over them; and, indeed, will be so treated, and washed as courageously as are sculleries and kitchens only under the present benighted system.

I pass over the third floor, and mount a wooden staircase, a terrible blunder in this part of the house, to the rooms under the roof. These rooms, if the roof was open-timbered, would give each inmate a great many cubic feet of air to breathe; so the perverse builder erects a plaster ceiling, and reduces him to a very few cubic feet of air. This, the maddest of all the ceilings, serves two characteristic purposes; it chokes and oppresses the poor devils that live under it, and it hides the roof; now the roof is the part that oftenest needs repairs, so it ought to be the most accessible part of the house, and the easiest to examine from the outside and from the inside. For this very reason Perversity in person hides it; whenever your roof or a gutter leaks, it is all groping and speculation, because your builder has concealed the inside of the roof with that wretched ceiling, and has made the outside accessible only to cats and sparrows, and the "curse of families." N.B.—Whenever that curse of families goes out on that roof to mend one hole, he makes two. Why not? thanks to the perverse builder you can't watch him, and *he has got a friend a plumber!*

We now rise from folly to lunacy; the roof is half perpendicular. This, in a modern house, is not merely silly, it is disgraceful to the human mind; it was all very well before gutters and pipes were invented: it was well designed to shoot off the water by the overlapping eaves: but now we run our water off by our gutters and pipes, and the roof merely feeds them; the steep roof feeds them too fast, and is a main cause of overflows. But there are many other objections to slanted roofs, especially in streets and rows:

1st. The pyramidal roof, by blocking up the air, necessitates high stacks of chimneys, which are expensive and dangerous.

2d. The pyramidal roof presses laterally against the walls,

which these precious builders make thinner the higher they raise them, and subjects the whole structure to danger.

3d. It robs the family of a whole floor, and gives it to cats and sparrows. I say that a five-story house with a pyramidal roof is a five-story house, and with a flat roof is a six-story house.

4th. It robs the poor cockney of his country view. It is astonishing how much of the country can be seen from the roofs of most London streets. A poor fellow who works all day in a hole, might smoke his evening pipe, and see a wide tract of verdure—but the builders have denied him that; they build the roof for cats, and the “curse of families,” they do not build it for the man whose bread they eat.

5th. It robs poor families of their drying-ground.

6th. This idiotic blunder, slightly aided by a subsidiary blunder or two, murders householders and their families wholesale, destroys them by the most terrible of all death—burning alive.

And I seriously ask you, and any member of either House, who is not besotted with little noisy things, to consider how great a matter this is, though no political squabble can be raised about it.

Mind you, the builders are not to blame that a small, high house, is, in its nature, a fire-trap. This is a misfortune inseparable from the shape of the structure and the nature of that terrible element. The crime of the builders lies in this, that they make no intelligent provision against a danger so evident, but side with the fire not the family.

Prejudice and habitual idiocy apart, can anything be clearer than this, *that, as fire mounts, and smoke stifles, all persons who are above a fire ought to be enabled to leave the house by way of the roof as easily and rapidly as those below the fire can go out by the street door?*

Now what do the builders do? They side with fire; they accumulate combustible materials on the upper floors, and they construct a steep roof most difficult and dangerous to get about on, but to the aged and infirm impossible. Are then the aged and infirm incombustible? This horrible dangerous roof the merciless wretches make so hard of access that few are the cases, as well they know by the papers, in which a life is saved by their hard road. They open a little trap-door—horizontal, of course; always go against God Almighty and his laws, when you can; that is the idiot's creed. This miserable aperture, scarcely big enough for a dog, is bolted or padlocked. It is seven feet from the ground. Yet the builder fixes no steps nor stairs to it; no, get at it how you can. What chance has a mixed family of escaping by this hole in case of fire? Nobody ever goes on that beastly pyramid except in case of fire: and so the bolt is almost sure to be rusty, or the key mislaid, or the steps not close; and, even if the poor wretches get the steps to the place, and heave open the trap, in spite of rust and gravitation, these delays are serious; then the whole family is to be dragged up through a dog-hole, and that is slow work, and fire is swift and smoke is stifling.

A thousand poor wretches have been clean murdered in my time by the builders with their trap-door and their pyramidal roof. Thousands more have been destroyed, as far as the builders were concerned; the fire-men and fire-escape men saved them, in spite of the builders, by means which were a disgrace to the builders.

But in my next, sir, I will show you that in a row of houses constructed by brains not one of these tragedies could ever have taken place.

I am, sir,

Yours very truly.

CHARLES READE.

THIRD LETTER.

SIR,—It is a sure sign a man is not an artist, if, instead of repairing his defects, he calls in an intellectual superior to counteract them. The fire-escape is creditable to its inventor, but disgraceful to the builders. They construct a fire-trap without an escape; and so their fellow-citizens are to cudgel their brains and supply the builders' want of intelligence and humanity by an invention working *from the street*. The fire-escape can after all save but a few of the builders' victims. The only universal fire-escape is—THE RATIONAL ROOF.

To be constructed thus: Light iron staircases from the third floor to top floor and rational roof. Flat roof, or roofs, metal covered, with scarcely perceptible fall from center. Open joists and iron girders, the latter sufficiently numerous to keep the roof from falling in, even though fire should gut the edifice. An iron-lined door, surmounted by a skylight; iron staircase up to this door, which opens rationally on to the rational roof. Large cistern or tank on roof with a force pump to irrigate the roof in fire or summer heats. Round the roof iron rails set firm in balcony, made too hard for bairns to climb; and surmounted by spikes. Between every two houses a partition gate with two locks and keys complete. Bell under cover to call neighbor in fire or other emergency.

Advantages offered by "*the RATIONAL roof*:"

1. High chimney stacks not needed.
2. Nine smoking chimneys cured out of ten. There are always people at hand to make the householder believe his chimney smokes by some fault of construction, and so they gull him into expenses, and his chimney smokes on—because it is not thoroughly swept. Send a faithful servant on to the rational roof, let him see the chimney-sweep's brush at the top of every chimney before you pay a shilling, and good-by smoking chimneys. Sweeps are rogues, and the irrational roof is their shield and buckler.
3. The rails painted chocolate and the spikes gilt would mightily improve our gloomy streets.
4. Stretch clothes-lines from spike to spike, and there is a drying-ground for the poor, or for such substantial people as are sick of the washerwomen and their villainy. These heartless knaves are now rotting fine cambric and lace with soda and

chloride of lime, though borax is nearly as detergent and injures nothing.

5. A playground in a purer air for children that cannot get to the parks. There is no ceiling to crack below.

6. In summer heats a blest retreat. Irrigate and cool from the cistern; then set four converging poles, stretch over these from spike to spike a few breadths of awning; and there is a delightful tent, and perhaps a country view. If the Star and Garter at Richmond had possessed such a roof, they would have made at least two thousand a year upon it, and perhaps have saved their manager from a terrible death.

7. On each roof a little flagstaff and streamer to light the gloom with sparks of color, and tell the world is the master at home or not. This would be of little use now; but, when once the rational roof becomes common, many a friend could learn from his own roof whether a friend was at home, and so men's eyes might save their legs.

8. In case of fire the young and old would walk out by a rational door, on to a rational roof, and ring at a rational gate. Then their neighbor lets them on to his rational roof, and they are safe. Meantime the adult males, if any, have time to throw wet blankets on the skylight and turn the water on to the roof. The rational roof, after saving the family which its predecessor would have destroyed, now proceeds to combat the fire. It operates as an obstinate cowl over the fire; and, if there are engines on the spot, the victory is certain. Compare this with the whole conduct of the irrational roof. First, it murdered the inmates; then it fed the fire; then it collapsed and fell on the ground-floor, destroying more property, and endangering the firemen.

I am,

Yours very truly,

CHARLES READE.

FOURTH LETTER.

SIR,—The shoe pinches all men more or less; but, on a calm survey, I think it pinches the householder hardest.

A house is as much a necessary of life as a loaf; yet this article of necessity has been lately raised to a fancy price by the trade conspiracies of the building operatives—not so much by their legitimate strikes for high wages as by their conspiring never to do for any amount of wages an honest day's work—and the fancy price thus created strikes the householder first in the form of rent. But this excessive rent, although it is an outgoing, is taxed as income; its figure is made the basis of all the imperial and parochial exactions that crush the householder. One of these is singularly unfair; I mean "the inhabited house duty." What is this but the property tax rebaptized and levied over again, but from the wrong person? The property tax is a percentage on the rent, levied in good faith, from the person whom the rent enables to pay that percentage; but the inhabited house duty is a similar percentage on the rent levied, under the disguise of another name, from him whom the rent disables.

In London the householder constantly builds and improves the freehold; instantly parochial spies raise his rates. He has employed labor, and so far counterbalanced pauperism; at the end of his lease the house will bear a heavier burden; but these heartless extortioners they bleed the poor wretch directly for improving parochial property at his own expense. At the end of his lease the rent is raised by the landlord on account of these taxed improvements, and the tenant turned out with a heavier grievance than the Irish farmer; yet he does not tumble his landlord, nor even a brace of vestrymen. The improving tenant, while awaiting the punishment of virtue, spends twenty times as much money in pipes as the water companies do, yet he has to pay them for water a price so enormous, that they ought to bring it into his cisterns, and indeed into his mouth, for the money. He pays through the nose for gas.

He bleeds for the vices of the working classes; since in our wealthy cities nine-tenths of the pauperism is simply waste and inebriety. He often pays temporary relief to an improvident workman, whose annual income exceeds his own, but who will never put by a shilling for a slack time.

In short, the respectable householder of moderate means is so ground down and oppressed that, to my knowledge, he is on the road to despondency and ripening for a revolution.

Now, I can hold him out no hope of relief from existing taxation; but his intolerable burden can be lightened by other means; the simplest is to keep down his bill for repairs and decorations, which at present is made monstrous by original misconstruction.

The irrational house is an ANIMAL WITH ITS MOUTH ALWAYS OPEN.

This need not be. It arises from causes most of which are removable: viz., 1st, from unscientific construction; 2d, plaster ceilings; 3d, the want of provision for partial wear; 4th, the abuse of paint; 5th, hidden work.

Under all these heads I have already given examples. I will add another under head 3. The dado or skirting-board is to keep furniture from marking the wall; but it is laid down only one inch thick, whereas the top of a modern chair overlaps the bottom an inch and a half. This the builders do not, or will not, observe, and so every year in London fifty thousand rooms are spoiled by the marks of chair-backs on the walls, and the owners driven to the expense of painting or papering sixty square yards, to clean a space that is less than a square foot, but fatal to the appearance of the room.

Under head 4 let me observe that God's woods are all very beautiful; that ONLY FOOLS ARE WISER THAN GOD ALMIGHTY; that varnish shows up the beauty of those woods, and adds a gloss; and that house-paint hides their beauty. Paint holds dirt, and does not wash well; varnish does. Paint can only be mixed by a workman. Varnish is sold fit to put on. Paint soon requires revival, and the old paint must be rubbed off at a great expense, and two new coats put on. Varnish stands good for years, and, when it requires revival, little more is necessary than simple

cleaning, and one fresh coat, which a servant or anybody can lay on. 5. Hidden work is sure to be bad work, and so needs repairs, especially in a roof, that sore tried part; and the repairs are the more expensive that the weak place has to be groped for.

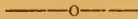
I have now, I trust, said enough to awaken a few householders from the lethargy of despair, and to set them thinking a little and organizing a defense against the extraordinary mixture of stupidity and low instinctive trade cunning of which they are the victims: for a gentleman's blunders hurt himself, but a tradesman's blunders always hurt his customers; and this is singularly true of builders' blunders; they all tend one way—to compel the householder to be always sending for the builder, or that bungling rascal the plumber, to grope for his hidden work, or botch his bad work, or clean his unscientific windows, or whitewash his idiotic ceilings, or rub his nasty unguents off God's beautiful wood, and then put some more nasty odoriferous unguents on, or put cowls on his ill-cleaned chimneys; or, in short, to repair his own countless blunders at the expense of his customer.

Independently of the murderous and constant expense, the bare entrance into a modest household of that loose, lazy, drunken, dishonest drink-man and jack-man, who has the impudence to call himself the "British workman," though he never did half a day's real work at a stretch in all his life, is a serious calamity, to be averted by every lawful means.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.



OUR DARK PLACES.

TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS.

No. 1.

GENTLEMEN,—On Friday last, a tale was brought to me that a sane prisoner had escaped from a private madhouse, had just baffled an attempt to recapture him by violent entry into a dwelling-house, and was now hiding in the suburbs.

The case was grave: the motives alleged for his incarceration were sinister; but the interpreters were women, and consequently partisans, and some, though not all, the parties concerned on the other side, bear a fair character. Humanity said: "Look into the case!" Prudence said: "Look at it on both sides." I insisted, therefore, on a personal interview with Mr. ——. This was conceded, and we spent two hours together: all which time I was of course testing his mind to the best of my ability.

I found him a young gentleman of a healthy complexion, manner *vif*, but not what one would call excited. I noticed, however, that he liked to fidget string and other trifles between his finger and thumb at times. He told me his history for some years past, specifying the dates of several events: he also let me

know he had been subject for two years to fits, which he described to me in full. I recognized the character of these fits. His conversation was sober and reasonable. But had I touched the exciting theme? We all know there is a class of madmen who are sober and sensible till the one false chord is struck. I came therefore to that delusion which was the original ground of —'s incarceration; his notion that certain of his relations are keeping money from him that is his due.

This was the substance of his hallucination as he revealed it to me. His father was member of a firm with his uncle and others. Shortly before his death his father made a will leaving him certain personalities, the interest of £5,000, and should he live to be twenty-four, the principal of ditto, and the reversion, after his mother's death, of another considerable sum.

Early last year he began to inquire why the principal due to him was not paid. His uncle then told him there were no assets to his father's credit, and never had been. On this, he admits, he wrote "abominably passionate" letters, and demanded to inspect the books. This was refused him, but a balance-sheet was sent him, which was no evidence to his mind, and did not bear the test of Addition, being £40,000 out on the evidence of its own figures. This was his tale, which might be all bosh for aught I could tell.

Not being clever enough to distinguish truth from fancy by divination, I took cab, and off to Doctors' Commons, determined to bring some of the above to book.

Well, gentlemen, I found the will, and I discovered that my maniac has understated the interest he takes under it. I also find, as he told me I should, his uncle's name down as one of the witnesses to the will. Item, I made a little private discovery of my own, viz., that — is residuary legatee, subject to his mother's life interest, and that *all his interest* under the will goes to five relations of the generation above him should he die *intestate*.

I now came to this conclusion, which I think you will share with me, that —'s delusion may or may not be an error, but cannot be a hallucination, since it is simply good logic founded on attested facts. For on which side lies the balance of credibility? The father makes a solemn statement that he has thousands of pounds to bequeath. The uncle assents in writing while the father is alive, but gives the father and himself the lie when the father is no longer on earth to contradict him. They say in law "*Allegans contraria non est audiendus.*"

Being now satisfied that the soi-disant delusion might be error but could not be aberration of judgment, I subjected him to a new class of proofs. I asked him if he would face medical men of real eminence, and not in league with madhouse doctors. "He would with pleasure. It was his desire." We went first to Dr. Dickson, who has great experience and has effected some remarkable cures of mania. Dr. Dickson, as may well be supposed, did not take as many seconds as I had taken hours. He laughed to scorn the very notion that the man was mad. "He is as sane as we are," said Dr. Dickson. From Bolton Street

we all three go to Dr. Ruttledge, Hanover Square, and, on the road, Dr. Dickson and I agree to apply a test to Dr. Ruttledge, which it would have been on many accounts unwise to apply to a man of ordinary skill. Dr. Dickson introduced — and me thus, “One of these is insane, said to be. Which is it?” Dr. Ruttledge took the problem mighty coolly, sat down by me first, with an eye like a diamond: it went slap into my marrow-bone. Asked me catching questions, touched my wrist, saw my tongue, and said quietly, “This one is sane.” Then he went and sat down by — and drove an eye into him, asked him catching questions, made him tell him in order all he had done since seven o’clock, felt pulse, saw tongue: “This one is sane too.” Dr. Dickson then left the room, after telling him what was —’s supposed delusion, and begged him to examine him upon it. The examination lasted nearly half an hour, during which — related the circumstances of his misunderstanding, his capture, and his escape, with some minuteness. The result of all this was a certificate of sanity; copy of which I subjoin. The original can be seen at my house by any lady or gentleman connected with literature or the Press.

“We hereby certify that we have this day, both conjointly and separately, examined Mr. — and we find him to be in every respect of sound mind, and laboring under no delusion whatever. Moreover we entertain a very strong opinion that the said Mr. — has at no period of his life labored under insanity.

“He has occasionally had epileptic fits.

“(Signed)

JAMES RUTTLEDGE, M.D.
S. DICKSON, M.D.

“19 GEORGE STREET, HANOVER, SQUARE,
9th August, 1858.”

This man, whose word I have no reason to doubt, says the keeper of the madhouse told him he should never go out of it. This, if true, implies the absence of all intention to cure him. He was a customer, not a patient; he was not in a hospital, but in a jail, condemned to imprisonment for life, a sentence so awful that no English judge has ever yet had the heart to pronounce it upon a felon. — is an orphan.

The law is too silly, and *one-sided*, and *slow*, to protect him against the prompt and daring men who are even now hunting him. But while those friends the God of the fatherless has raised him concert his defense, you can aid justice greatly by letting daylight in. I will explain why this is in my next.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES READE.

GARRICK CLUB,
10th August, 1858.

NO. II.

GENTLEMEN—In England, "Justice" is the daughter of "Publicity." In this, as in every other nation, deeds of villainy are done every day in kid gloves, but they can only be done on the sly; here lies our true moral eminence as a nation. Our Judges are an honor to Europe, not because Nature has cut them out of a different stuff from Italian Judges; this is the dream of babies; it is because they sit in courts open to the public, and "*sit next day in the newspapers.*"* Legislators who have not the brains to appreciate the Public, and put its sense of justice to a statesmanlike use, have yet an instinctive feeling that it is the great safeguard of the citizen. Bring your understandings to bear on the following sets of propositions in lunacy law:—First grand division—Maxims laid down by Shelford. "A. The law requires satisfactory evidence of insanity. B. Insanity in the eye of the law is nothing less than *the prolonged departure, without an adequate external cause, from the state of feeling, and modes of thinking, usual to the individual when in health.* C. The burden of proof of insanity lies on those asserting its existence. D. Control over persons represented as insane is not to be assumed without necessity. E. Of all evidence, that of medical men ought to be given with the greatest care, and received with the utmost caution. F. The medical man's evidence should not merely pronounce the party insane, but give sufficient reasons for thinking so. For this purpose it behooves him to have investigated accurately the collateral circumstances. G. The imputations of friends or relations, etc., are not entitled to *any weight or consideration* in inquiries of this nature, but ought to be dismissed from the minds of the judge and jury, who are bound to form their conclusions from impartial evidence of facts, and not to be led astray by any such *fertile sources of error and injustice.*"

The second class of propositions is well known to your readers. A *relative* has only to buy two *doctors*, two *surgeons*, or even two of those "whose poverty, though not their will, consents." and he can clap in a madhouse any rich old fellow that is spending his money absurdly on himself, instead of keeping it, like a wise man, for his heirs; or he can lock up any eccentric, bodily-afflicted, troublesome, account-sifting young fellow.

In other words, the two classes of people, who figure as *suspected witnesses* in one set of clauses, are made judge, jury, and executioner, in another set of clauses, one of which, by a refinement of injustice, shifts the burden of proof from the accusers to the accused in all open proceedings subsequent to his wrongful imprisonment.—Shelford, 56.

Now what is the clew to this apparent contradiction—to this change in the weathercock of legislative morality? It is mighty simple. The maxims, No. 1, are the practice and principle that govern what are called "Commissioners of Lunacy." At these the newspaper reporters are present. No. 2 are the

* We are indebted to Lord Mansfield for this phrase,

practice and principle legalized, where no newspaper reporters are present. Light and darkness.

Since, then, the Law de Lunatico has herself told us that she is an idiot and a rascal when she works in the dark, but that she is wise, cautious, humane and honest in the light, my orphan and myself should indeed be made to disregard her friendly hint as to her double character. This, gentlemen, is why we come to you first: you must give us publicity, or refuse us justice. We will go to the Commissioners in Lunacy, but not before their turn. We dare not abjure experience. We know the Commissioners: we know them *intus et in cute*: we know them better than they know themselves. They are of two kinds: one kind I shall dissect elsewhere; the rest are small men afflicted with a common malady, a commonplace conscience.

These soldiers of Xerxes won't do their duty if they can help it; if they can't, they will. With them justice depends on Publicity, and Publicity on you. Up with the lash!!

I am now instructed by him who has been called mad, but whose intelligence may prove a match for theirs, to propose to his enemies to join him in proving to the public that their convictions are as sincere as his. The wording of the challenge being left to me, I invite them to an issue, thus:—"My lads, you were game to enter a dwelling-house kept by women, and proposed to break open a woman's chamber-door, till a woman standing on the other side with a cudgel, threatened 'to split your skulls,' and that chilled your martial ardor.

Vos etenim juvenes animum geritis muliebrem
Illa virago viri.

"And now you are wasting your money (*and you will want it all*), dressing up policemen, setting spies, and in short, doing the Venetian business in England; and all for what? You want our orphan's body. Well, it is to be had without all this dirty maneuvering, and silly small treachery. Go to Jonathan Weymouth, Esq., of Clifford's Inn. He is our orphan's solicitor, duly appointed and instructed; he will accept service of a writ de lunatico inquirendo, and on the writ being served, Mr. Weymouth will enter into an undertaking with you to produce the body of E. P. F. in court, to abide the issue of a daylight investigation. If you prove him mad, you will take him away with you; if you fail to make him out mad before a disinterested judge, at all events you will prove yourselves to be honest, though somewhat hard-hearted, men and *women*."

Should this proposal be accepted, the proceedings of our opponents will then assume a respectability that is wanting at present, and in that case these letters will cease. *Sub judice lis erit*.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES READE.

NO. III.

GARRICK CLUB, *October.*

GENTLEMEN,—My last letter concluded by inviting the person who had incarcerated my orphan on the plea of insanity, to prove that, whether mistaken or not, he was sincere. No such evidence has been offered. He has therefore served a writ upon this person and will proceed to trial with all possible expedition, subject of course to the chances of demurrer, or nonsuit.*

It would not be proper to say more, *pendente lite*. But, some shallow comments having been printed elsewhere, it seems fair that those Editors who had the humanity, the courtesy, and let me add, the intelligence, to print my letters, should possess this proof that their columns have not been trifled with by

Their obliged

And obedient servant,

CHARLES READE.

NO. IV.

“Cunctando restituit rem.”

GENTLEMEN,—When, four months ago, I placed my orphan under the wing of the law, I hoped I had secured him that which is every Englishman's right, a trial by judge and jury; and need draw no further upon your justice and your pity. I have clung to this last hope in spite of much sickness of heart, month after month; but at last both hope and faith are crushed in me, and I am forced to see, that without a fresh infusion of publicity, my orphan has no reasonable hope of getting a public trial, till he shall stand with his opponents before the God of the fatherless. I do not say this merely because his trial has been postponed, and postponed, but because it has been thrice postponed on grounds that can be reproduced three hundred times just as easily as thrice, unless the light of publicity is let in.

Let me premise that the matters I have to relate are public acts, and as proper for publication and criticism as any other judicial proceedings, and that they will make the tour of Europe and the United States in due course. When the day of trial drew near in November last, defendant's attorney applied to have trial postponed for a month or two, for the following sole reason:—He swore, first, that a Mr. 3 Stars, dwelling at Bordeaux, was a witness without whom defendant could not safely proceed to trial; and he swore, second, that said 3 Stars had written to him on the 18th November, that, owing to an accident on the railway, he was then confined to his room, and had little hope of being able to leave Bordeaux for a month. No. 1, you will observe, is legal evidence: but No. 2 is no approach toward legal evidence. Nothing is here sworn to but the fact that

* Individually I entertain no apprehension on this score. The constitutional rights of Englishmen are safe in the hands of the present judges; and trial by jury, in a case of this character is one of those rights—provided, of course, the proper defendant has been sued.

there exists an unsworn statement by a Mr. 3 Stars. On this demi-semi-affidavit, unsupported by a particle of legal evidence, a well-meaning judge, in spite of a stiff remonstrance, postponed the trial, nominally for one month, really for two months. I fear my soul is not so candid as the worthy judge's, for on the face of this document, where he saw veracity, I saw disingenuousness stand out in alto relievo. So I set the French police upon Mr. 3 Stars, and received from the Prefect of La Gironde an official document, a copy of which is inclosed herewith. By it we learn, first, that the accident or incident was not what plain men understand by an accident on a railway. The man hurt a leg getting down from a railway carriage, just as he might from his own gig. Second, that it was not quite so recent as his suppression of date might lead a plain man to presume, but was three weeks old when he wrote above; third, that he must have been well long before the 9th of December, for, writing on that day, the Prefect describes him as having made frequent excursions into Medoc since his incident. Unfair inaccuracy once proved in so important a statement, all belief is shaken. In all human probability, Mr. 3 Stars was convalescent on the 18th November, viz., three weeks after his railway incident. But it is certain he was *well* on or about the 1st December, and that, consequently, he could with ease have attended that trial, which his statement that he could not move till about the 18th December caused to be put off for two months. What man who knows the world can help suspecting that the arbitrary period of a month was arranged between him and the attorney, not so much with reference to the truth, as to the sittings of the Court at Westminster upon special jury cases?

So much for abjuring the experience of centuries, and postponing an alleged lunatic's trial for two months, upon indirect testimony that would be kicked out of a county court in a suit for a wheelbarrow; hearsay stuccoed, nursery evidence, not legal evidence.

Well, gentlemen, the weary months crawled on, and the lame, old, broken-winded, loitering beldame, British justice, hobbled up to the scratch again at last. Mr. 3 Stars was now in England. That sounded well. But he soon showed us that—

“*Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans currunt.*”

His health still fluctuated to order. Pretty well as to the wine trade; very sick as to the Court of Queen's Bench. He comes from Bordeaux to London (and that is a good step), burning, we are told, to attend the trial at Westminster. The trial draws near: he whips off—to Hampstead? No;—to *Wales*. Arrived there, he writes, in due course, to his late colleague in affidavit, that he can't travel. This time the gentleman that does the interlocutory swearing for the defendant (let us call him Fabius), doubting whether the 3 Stars malady would do again by itself, associated with his “*malade affidavitaire*” two ladies, whom, until they compel me to write a fifth letter, I will call Mrs. Plausible and Mrs. Brand. Non-legal evidence as before. Fabius swears, not that 3 Stars is ill; that might have been dangerous;

but that 3 Stars says he is ill: which is true. Item that Mrs. Brand cannot cross the ditch that parts France from England, because she has had an operation performed. It turns out to have been *twelve months ago*. Item, Fabius *swears* that Mrs. Plausible *says*, the little Plausibles have all got scarlatina; and, therefore, Fabius *swears* that Mrs. Plausible *thinks* the constitutional rights of the English people ought to remain in doubt and suspense, in the person of our orphan, till such time as the said scarlatina has left her nursery (and the measles not arrived?), "A tout bambin tout honneur."

All which conjectural oaths, and sworn conjectures, and nursery dialectics, thy took to Mr. Justice Erle, of all gentlemen in the world; and moved to postpone the trial indefinitely. Early in the argument their counsel having, I think, gone through the schools at Oxford, took a distaste to the Irish syllogism that gleamed on his brief: videlicet, no witness who has scarlatina can come to Westminster and stand cross-examination by Q.C. Little b, c, and d are not witnesses, but have got scarlatina.

Ergo, capital A can't come to Westminster and stand cross-examination by Q.C.

Counsel threw over Mrs. Plausible and Hibernian logic generally, and stood on the 3 Stars malady, second edition, and the surgical operation that was only twelve months old. But Mr. Justice Erle declined to postpone human justice till sickness and shamming should be no more. He refused to ignore the plaintiff, held the balance, and gave them a just and reasonable delay, to enable them to examine their "malades affidavitaires" upon commission. He was about to fix Saturday, Jan. 5, for the trial. They then pleaded hard for Monday. This was referred to plaintiff's attorney, who conceded that point. Having accepted this favor, which was clearly a conditional one, and only part of the whole arrangement, they were, I THINK, bound by professional good faith not to disturb the compact. They held otherwise; they instantly set to work to evade Mr. Justice Erle's order, by tinkering the Irish syllogism. In just the time that it would take to send Mrs. Plausible a letter, and say it is no use the little Plausibles having scarlatina; you must have it yourself, madam, you had better have it by telegraph—Mrs. Plausible announces the desired malady, but not upon oath. "Scarlatina is easily said." Il va sans dire que they don't venture before Mr. Justice Erle again with their tinkered affidavit. They slip down to Westminster, and surprise a fresh judge, who has had no opportunity of watching the rise and progress of disease. Their counsel reads the soldered affidavit. Plaintiff's counter affidavits are then intrusted to him to read. What does he do? He reads the preamble, but burks the affidavits. The effect was inevitable. Even bastard affidavits cannot be met by rhetoric. They can only be encountered by affidavits. Judges decide, not on phrases, but on the facts before them. Plaintiff's facts being silenced, and defendant's stated, the judge naturally went with defendant, and postponed the trial. (No. 3.)

Now, gentlemen, I am the last man in the world to cry over spilt milk? I don't come to you to tinker the untinkerable

past; but, for the future, to ask a limit to injustice in its worst form, trial refused.

Without your help, this alleged lunatic is no nearer the term of his sufferings; no nearer the possibility of removing that frightful stigma, which is not stigma only, but starvation; no nearer to trial of his sanity by judge and jury, than he was four months ago. True, there are now three judges who will not easily be induced to impede the course of justice in this case; but there are other uninformed judges who may be surprised into doing it in general. Fabius can at any day of any month swear that some male or female witness says she wants to come into the witness-box, and can't. And so long as "Jack swears that Jill says" is confounded with legal evidence, on interlocutory motions, justice can be defeated to the end of time, under color of postponement. Gentlemen, it is a known fact among lawyers that, in nine cases out of ten, postponement of trial has no other real object but evasion of trial by tiring out the plaintiff or breaking his heart, or ruining him in expenses.

I see little reason whatever to doubt that this is a principal object here. Defendants have a long purse. Plaintiff is almost a pauper in fact, whatever he may be in law. Mr. 3 Stars, sworn to as an essential witness, has not seen the boy for years. How can he, therefore, be a very essential witness to his insanity at or about the period of his capture? Dr. Pillbox or Mr. Sawbones must be better cards so far: in a suit at law the evidence of insanity, like that of sanity, cannot be spread out thin over disjointed years, like the little bit of butter on a schoolboy's bread. Mr. 3 Stars may be an evidence as to figures: but then the books are to be in court subpoena; and nobody listens much to any of us swearing arithmetic, when a ledger is speaking. The lady I have called Mrs. Plausible, would not, in my humble opinion, go into a witness-box if she were paid a hundred pounds a minute. I mean this anything but discourteously.

I implore all just and honest men, especially those who are in the service of the State, to try and realize the frightful situation in which postponement of trial keeps an alleged lunatic. The bloodhounds are hunting him all this time. There were several men looking after him the very last day he lost his hopes of immediate trial. Suppose that, on substantial grounds and illegal evidence, time should be afforded to find him out and settle the questions of fact and law by brute force, what complexions would these thoughtless delays of justice assume *then* in the eye of the nation? ay, and, to do them justice, in the consciences of those whose credulity would have made the blood-hounds of a lunatic asylum masters of an argument that has been now for many months referred to the Lord Chief Justice of England and a special jury? Mind, the constitution has been tampered with; "habeas corpus" has been suspended by the boobies that framed the Lunacy Acts. The judges have power to impede justice, but not to impede injustice. In these peculiar cases, I am advised, they can't order a sane man out of a lunatic asylum into the witness-box. Justice hobbles, but injustice flies to its mark. I declare to you that I live in mortal terror lest some evil should

befall this man under the very wing of the court—not of course from the defendant—but from some member or members of the gang of stupid ruffians I am assured are still hanging about the skirts of the defense; men, some of whom have both bloodshed and reasonshed on their hands already. My very housemaids have been tampered with to discover where “the pursuer,” as the Scotch call him, is hiding and quaking. Is such an anomaly to be borne? Is a man to be at the same time run from with affidavits and chased with human blood-hounds? Is this a state of things to be *prolonged*, without making our system the scorn and laughing-stock of all the citizens and lawyers of Europe?

Fletcher *v.* Fletcher only wants realizing. But some people are so stupid, they can realize nothing that they have not got in their hands, their mouths or their bellies. This is no common case, no common situation. This particular Englishman sues not merely for damages, but to recover lost rights dearer far than money, of which rights he says he is unjustly robbed; his right to walk in daylight on the soil of his native land, without being seized and chained up for life like a nigger or a dog; his footing in society, his means of earning bread, and his place among mankind. For a lunatic is a beast in the law’s eye, and society’s; and an alleged lunatic is a lunatic until a jury pronounces him sane.

I appeal to you, gentlemen, is not such a suitor sacred in all good men’s minds? Is he not defendant as well as plaintiff? Why, his stake is enormous compared with the nominal defendant’s; and, if I know right from wrong, to postpone his trial a fourth time, without a severe necessity, would be to insult Divine justice, and trifle with human misery, and shock the common sense of nations.

I am, your obedient servant.

CHARLES READE.

With this a copy is inclosed of the French Prefect’s letter, and other credentials. These documents are abandoned to your discretion.

Nothing in the above letter is to be construed as assuming that the defendant has a bad case. He may have a much better one than the plaintiff. I am not asking for the latter a verdict to which he may have no right; but a trial, to which he has every right.

BORDEAUX, le 9 Decembre, 1858.

MONSIEUR,—En reponse a la lettre que vous m’avez adressee, a la date du 26 Novembre dernier, j’ai l’honneur de vous transmettre les renseignements qui m’ont ete fournis sur le Sieur Cunliffe, sujet anglais.

Le Sieur Cunliffe demeure a Bordeaux, rue Corie, 43. Il est negociant en vins et parait jouir de l’estime des personnes qui le connaissent.

Il est vrai qu’un accident lui est arrive, il y a un mois et demi, sur le chemin de fer; il est tombe en descendant et s’est blesse a une jambe; par suite il a garde la chambre pendant quelque

temps, mais aujourd'hui il parait etre retabli; vague a ses occupations ordinaires et fait souvent des excursions dans le Medoc, a quelques lieues de Bordeaux.

Recevez, Monsieur, l'assurance de ma parfaite consideration,
Le Prefet de la Gironde,
(Signed)

A MONSIEUR CHARLES READE,
6, BOLTON ROW, MAYFAIR, LONDRES,

In spite of letter four, the trial was postponed twice more.

At last it came and is reported in *The Times* of July 8, 1859. The court was filled with low, repulsive faces of madhouse attendants and keepers, all ready to swear that the man was insane. He was put into the witness-box, examined and cross-examined eight hours, and the defendant succumbed without a struggle. The coming damages were compounded for an annuity of £100 a year, £50 cash, and the costs.

As bearing upon this subject, my letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Jan. 17, 1870, entitled, "How Lunatics' Ribs get Broken," should be read. This letter is now reprinted at the beginning of *Hard Cash*.

— o —

LETTER TO MR. J. R. LOWELL,

(UNITED STATES MINISTER),

ON INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

19, ALBERT GATE, KNIGHTSBRIDGE.
September 2, 1880.

DEAR MR. LOWELL,—You are good enough to desire my opinion upon a proposed Copyright Treaty between the United States and Great Britain, "the principal feature of which is the granting of Copyright, provided the book be manufactured in the country so granting it by a subject or citizen thereof within three months of its publication by the author."

To reply to this outline I must ask to dissect it; for here in one sentence are two proposals that I consider heterogeneous, and even discordant.

Permit me then to put the matter thus:

1.—The book to be manufactured in the country granting Copyright, by a subject or citizen.

2.—This to be done (and I conclude the book published) within three months, &c.

No. 1.—Let us examine precisely the grievance this treaty proposes to alleviate.

An author's work which, when worth pirating, is the fruit of great labor, consists of an essential substance and a vehicle.

The substance is the composition; the vehicle is generally paper and words written with ink.

That the composition is the substance—though puny lawyers

and petty statesmen cannot see it, is shown by this—it can be sold *viva voce* apart from paper and written or printed words; dramatic compositions are so sold, and the first Epic poem was so delivered to the public for centuries, and the *Chronicles of Froissart* were sold *viva voce* by the author, and to his great profit, and no copies made till he died; and the public used to pay Dickens a much higher price for his spoken compositions, than for the same compositions papered, printed, and bound.

A printed book, or play, is only the manuscript multiplied; the composition remains the substance; the paper, print, and binding, are still a mere vehicle, and not the only one; the Theater sells the same composition with quite a different vehicle.

Now the grievance of authors against nations cultivating piracy is this—they rob the foreign workman, who produces the substance, of a book or play, yet remunerate all the workmen, *whether native or foreign*, who produce the mere vehicle. The injury is leveled at the foreign author *qua* author, and not a *qua* foreigner.

Let a foreign author cross the water with a play and a book. Let him go into a theater and a printing-house; let him play one of those many characters he has created in his drama, and print fifty pages of his own composition, he can extort remuneration—although he is a foreigner—for both vehicles; but he can enforce none for the far more valuable substance he has created with infinitely greater, higher, and longer labor. Here, then, is an exceptional fraud leveled at exceptional merit, and one producing laborer picked out of a dozen for pillage, though what he produces contributes more to the aggregate value than the labor of all the other workmen concerned.

This iniquity may pay a handful of booksellers, or theatrical managers, in a nation cultivating Piracy, but it massacres the authors of that nation by the competition of stolen compositions, and it robs the nation of the habit of literary and dramatic invention, which is a greater *national treasure* than any amount of stolen compositions, since the nation, which harbors pirates, has to pay the full price for the vehicles, and does not get the substance or composition for nothing, any the more because its booksellers and theatrical managers do. Indeed, as to the latter, the prices are never lowered to the native public one cent, in those cases where the manager steals the drama from a foreign author.

Now proposition 1, taken singly, certainly cures the above grievance, so far as printed books are concerned.

Authors have a moral right to be paid for their compositions in every nation where the vehicle is paid for and the combination sold, not given away; but they have no moral claim, that I am aware of, to create and sell the *vehicle* in a distant land, and if they have no such right, still less can their native publishers—mere occasional assignees of copyright—pretend to acquire a right from authors, which authors themselves do not claim.

The United States are a protectionist nation, and it would be egotistical and childish of English authors to expect that nation to depart from its universal policy, and to make an exception in

favor of authors, and their mere occasional assignees; our cry is "no partiality!" To ask you to deviate from your universal policy would be to ask for "some partiality."

Proposition 2.—This rests on no basis of universal equity or of uniform national policy. It does not come from the mind of any American lawyer or statesman. It is one of those subtle suggestions of Piracy, with which all copyright acts are marred. Copyrights are neither meal nor meat, and therefore, like other products of high civilization, they cannot obtain their just value on a forced sale. But three months to transact the sale of the composition and also create the vehicle is a very forced sale.

Habits are strong, and this proviso would encourage the bad habit the treaty professes to cure, instead of stimulating a good one. It would turn all the publishers, on both sides of the water, into Lot's wives, hankering after dear old Piracy, and longing to put the clock on three months. By hanging back during that short period they might drive even popular authors into a corner. But the proviso would do a much worse thing than that—the rising American author, who is literally withering under the present system, and who is the victim that needs loyal and earnest protection, far more than any British author does—would be juggled, under this proviso. For some years he must necessarily come into our market at a certain disadvantage independent of law. British publishers would either offer him one-tenth of his value, or demand time to see how his book sold in the United States: and then, having gained time, would use this proviso, steal his composition if it proved a success, or chuck him a bone instead of his just slice.

But these comments, you will understand, are leveled at the nude proviso as you have presented it to me.

If your government has foreseen that it is certain to be abused, and to render the whole treaty more or less illusory, and therefore intends to control it by some other clause, that is another matter.

If not, and the proviso has been incautiously inserted with the reasonable desire to protect the public against a foreign author's refusal to sell his copyright at all, or on reasonable terms, the whole case could be met by an additional clause giving the foreign author or proprietor the right to apply to the Judges in Banco for an extension of the terms, on the ground that he had offered the copyright, or a share in it, or the use of it, but had been unable to obtain terms corresponding in any degree with his market value at home. The judges have the right to receive written evidence, less strict than a jury would require, and to extend the term or authorize the foreign proprietors to publish through a native agent, or afford some other relief, under the vital conditions of the treaty.

Having gone deeper into the matter than I intended, I may as well volunteer a remark or two outside your queries, which may be of service to the American legislator, if he will receive it from me!

There are two great literary properties of nearly equal value and importance.

1. A man's exclusive right to print and publish the composition he has created, whether history, romance, treatise or drama, etc.

2. His exclusive right to represent on a public stage the dramatic composition he has created.

No. 1 is called Copyright, No. 2 is called Stage-right. But, unfortunately, the Anglo-Saxon muddlehead has hitherto avoided the accurate term, stage-right, and applied, in the teeth of sense, grammar, and logic, the imbecile phrase, "dramatic copyright," to No. 2. But the phrase, "dramatic copyright," means the sole right of printing and publishing a play-book, or it means nothing at all. It cannot mean, nor be made to mean the right of representing a play. Now men are slaves of words; and so our lawgivers and yours, having the word "copyright" dinned eternally into their ears, and never hearing the word "stage-right," are at this moment in a fool's paradise. They imagine copyright to be an all important right and stage-right an insignificant affair.

Pure chimeral stage-right is at least as important as copyright, and international morality and sound policy demand international stage-right as much as they do international copyright.

Our two nations invest their money on the following scale:

1. A vast sum, daily, in newspapers, of which the title is copyright; but not the contents. These protect themselves from fatal piracy; they die a natural death every afternoon, and so escape assassination next morning.

2. A large sum, daily, in books.

3. A large sum, daily, in represented plays—one hundred thousand pounds sterling per day at the very least.

As regards 2 and 3, you will find the comparative scale indicated in the newspapers themselves; these, with unerring instinct, discover the habits of their nation. Take them through the breadth of the land, you will find they review a book now and then, but they are eternally puffing plays, and at great length.

Now by piracy of stage-right from foreigners, a nation loses its chance of that great treasure, a national drama, and does not get one cent per annum in exchange for that serious deprivation. The piratical publisher pretends he sells a book cheaper for stealing the composition. It is not true; for, if he bought the composition under a copyright act, he would sell all the copies instead of sharing the sale with other pirates; and so could sell cheaper than in the way of Piracy: but, if not true, it is plausible, and has deceived shallow statesmen by the score.

But the piratical manager of a theater does not even *pretend* to lower his prices to the public in those cases, when he steals the composition.

There are, besides all this, two special reasons why you should propose international stage-right to the British Government, along with international copyright, and not as an afterclap, which you will have to do if you will not listen to Cassandra, better known in Knightsbridge as Charles Reade. One is, that

the people most likely to give you trouble in this country, over international copyright, are the British publishers. Habitual creators of the vehicle and not of the composition and the copyright, they will naturally think it very hard they are not to be allowed to create the vehicle in the United States.

Their opposition might be serious; because, for some generations they have been allowed to thrust themselves forward and put the authors unreasonably in the background.

To discuss with our Government the two great properties authors create, viz., stage-right and copyright, would tend to open John Bull's eyes, and show him which is really the leading character in literary property, the authors, who create all the stage-rights and all the copyrights, or the publishers, who acquire by assignment about one-third of the copyrights only, and none of the stage-rights.

The second reason is, that at present the American dramatic author suffers a special iniquity, by Act of Parliament, deteriorating the common law of England.

If a British author writes a drama, represents it on the stage in Great Britain, but does not publish it, and then exports it to the United States, he possesses the sole right of representation in the United States, or, at all events, in the principal States. This has been decided by your judges after full and repeated discussion.

The American dramatist, until 1842, possessed the same right under the law of England; and accordingly *Macklin v. Richardson*, which is the English case that protects all unpublished dramas under the common law, was lately cited with authority in the tribunals of the United States on the occasion I have referred to.

But our copyright act of 1842 poked its nose into stage-right, with which it had nothing on earth to do, and inserted an unjust, oppressive, and unreasonable clause, outlawing from stage-right all dramas not first represented in Great Britain. The framers of this, and a similar clause in the body of the act, mistook the root of an author's title. The poor souls imagined it accrues by publication or representation under an Act of Parliament, whereas it accrues earlier in time, and by an older and much higher title, viz.: creation, and under the common law.

Test.—Let A. write a MS. and send it to B. B. print and publish it, and register it at Stationers' Hall, and hand the MS. back, uninjured, without a scratch on it, to A. A. would sue B. for breach of copyright, under the common law, and B.'s parliamentary title, by publication and registration, would prove not worth a rush against the precedent title by creation and common law.

The American dramatist, therefore, is by the above clause in an act that had no need to run, like a frolicsome colt, out of copyright into stage-right, and so extend the field of its blunders, subjected to a special iniquity.

In copyright there is, at present, a sort of equity of fraud.

Rob my authors, and I will rob your authors. But in stage-right it is pure iniquity, and the American dramatist the victim.

These are the principal reasons why I venture to advise you not to exclude international stage-right from your discussion of international copyright with the British Government.

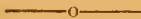
I must now apologize for my presumption—which, however, arises from good-will—and for the crude and hasty character of these comments. But I present them to one who is well able to sift the chaff from the grain, and so make the best of them.

I am,

My dear Mr. Lowell,

Yours very sincerely,

CHARLES READE.



VICARIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR.—There is a little stroke of business going to be done next Friday in the little town of Uxbridge, against which I beg to record a little protest. It is a public auction of a very small personalty professedly for the benefit of the Crown; but I apprehend the proceeds will go to another branch of the revenue. This sale and the threatened appropriation of certain money which was regarded by the deceased holder as trust-money, arose out of the following circumstances: The Rev. W. Orr, a Nonconformist minister, wrote, with his own hand, August 6, 1881, a will, containing a just and proper disposition of his small property. He bequeathed £50 to New College, Hampstead; £50 in three sums to three poor Christian women who had been his housekeepers at different periods; a few of his choicest books to clerical friends; his gold watch and chain to a Miss Ellen Orr; and the balance, after payment of expenses, to a Mrs. W. Orr. But as to a sum of £300, he did not bequeath it, but directed it to be returned to Miss Sarah Peters; and he appointed a Mr. Harris his executor. Mr. Orr showed this will at various times to several persons who knew his handwriting; and its contents became public. They even reached the three poor housekeepers; and that is a sad feature of the case at present. A few days before Mr. Orr died, a dear friend of his learned that his will was not attested, and advised him to repair that omission. Mr. Orr assented, but death surprised him before he could execute his declared purpose. He died February 7, 1882, deeply mourned by his own flock and revered by all good Christians in the town of Uxbridge.

He had no relations in law. His will was attested, in fact, by half a dozen witnesses, but not, in law, "by two," and therefore his property lay at the mercy of what cuckoos still call "the Crown," but accuracy—if such a bird of paradise existed in England—would call "the Revenue."

However, high-minded men, acting in the name of the Crown,

have of late been very shy of confiscating even in cases of felony, and as Mr. Orr was not a felon, but only a saint and an Irishman, and therefore could not, *ex vi terminorum*, be a man of business, we hoped that the Lords of the Treasury would respect his solemn wishes, since they are as clear, and clearer, than if the will had been drawn by a lawyer's clerk and signed by two witnesses.

Accordingly the matter went before the Lords of the Treasury in two forms.

1. Sarah Peters petitioned for the return of her £300, as above.
2. Mr. Harris, the executor, offered to act and discharge all the debts, expenses, and legacies, if the Lords of the Treasury would forego their claim.

Miss Peters tells me she has received no reply.

Mr. Harris had heard only from the Solicitor of the Treasury, ordering an immediate sale of the property—with one exception. His vicarious Majesty, the Solicitor for the Treasury, accords to the executor the right to withhold the choice books, but not the right to withhold the gold watch and chain, which were as solemnly bequeathed to a person specified as the books were. Now, I did not expect this Imperial edict and high-minded, though illogical, distinction to be signed by the chief of that bureau, for he has valued books far more than gold from his youth up until now. But, by what I can learn, the edict is not signed by any Lord of the Treasury whatever. It is clear on the face of things that neither the petition of Miss Peters nor the proposal of Mr. Harris has been laid before the Lords of the Treasury, nor considered by responsible men. Yet prompt action is taken at once by vicarious rapacity. There is no vice in any of the individuals concerned; it is merely a vicious system. The Solicitor of the Treasury would not pounce upon this property for his personal benefit; the Lords of the Treasury will bring their understandings and their consciences to bear on the matter—after a few months or years; and will probably decide in favor, not of English law, but of Continental law and universal morality, both of which support this deceased clergyman's will written by his own hand and shown to his friends. But, meantime, this harsh auction, ordered with inconvenient and indecorous haste, over a new-made grave—this present activity of vicarious greed and dead silence as to equity to come—have shocked and revolted a thousand mourners, and cruelly disappointed the humble legatees as well as excited some public *odium*. I do not wish to inflame their feelings, but to suggest their removal. Therefore, as my views are always unintelligible to the clerks and secretaries, the duffers, the buffers, and the agents, of a public office, and I can no more get a manuscript past that incarnate rampart of "vicaria" than Miss Peters or Mr. Harris can, will you kindly allow me to approach the magnates of the Treasury by the only *direct* road I know—viz., the columns of a great public journal? I think, my lords, it would be well to let the people know without delay that you intend personally to consider the question whether or not, under the peculiar circumstances, any portion of this deceased clergyman's

estate, except the amount of legacy duty, shall be finally appropriated by the State; and as regards the gold watch and chain, it is not too late to withdraw them from the coming sale; and I hope you will concede this favor, because, if they are thrown into the melting-pot of the Treasury next Friday, for not being hexaglot bibles, it may be difficult, even should Dr. Stevenson vouchsafe his aid, to reintegrate and reconstruct the component parts so as to recover their value to the legatee. To her they are not so many ounces of jeweler's gold, but the souvenir of one who never wasted time, yet lived for eternity.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

HANG IN HASTE, REPENT AT LEISURE.

A SUPPRESSED INDICTMENT.

FIRST LETTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

September 29th, 1877.

SIR,—I read with surprise and deep concern these lines in the *Daily Telegraph*, Sept. 27:—

“The Jury asked the learned Judge if they could have a copy of the Indictment.

“Mr. Justice Hawkins said, ‘It would not help them in the least, written as it was in legal phraseology.’”

Now if the judge had said, “Of course, gentlemen, you have as much right to examine the indictment as I have; but I warn you it is written in a jargon you are not intended to understand, but only to pronounce on, and so hang your fellow-creatures,” there would have been no harm done, and a wholesale reprimand administered to the pedantic clique which words these public and terrible accusations in jargon and equivoques.

But I infer from your printed lines that the jury asked for a copy of the indictment to compare with the condensed evidence, and did not get one.

If so, the thing is monstrous, and vitiates the proceedings, creditable as they were in many respects. Consider, sir, the Crown is not above the law. The Crown, in a prosecution of this sort, comes before the jury, who are the country, in the general character of plaintiff and proceeds by indictment. That indictment is the grave and deliberate accusation which the Crown, to guard against the errors and defects of the tongue, submits *in writing* to the judge and the jury. It is a legal document which the judge is bound to criticise severely, on grounds of law. It is an allegation of facts and motives the jury is equally bound to dissect severely, and compare it in every particular with the evidence. Then, if there is a legal defect in it

no bigger than a pin's head, the judge can upset the case in spite of its merits; and by the same rule—whatever the egotism of the legal clique may think—if it vary from the truth in its allegations of fact or of motives, which latter are the vital part of an indictment, it is the duty of the jury to throw it over, or in certain cases to reduce the verdict. And it does so happen that in cases of alleged homicide the indictment ought always to be dissected without mercy by the jury, for here, where the Crown ought to be most accurate, it is most apt to exaggerate. The truth is, that many years ago the legal advisers of the Crown thirsted for the blood of accused persons, and framed indictments accordingly; and such is the force of precedent that even now the Crown (or some attorney's clerk we are content to call by that name) is somewhat given to equivocating, exaggerating, and alleging more than can be proved, especially in the way of motives, which are the true sting of an indictment.

Whatever bad and unreasonable custom the legal clique, in dealing with the nation, may have introduced into our courts, it is clearly the duty of the Crown Solicitor to lay before the jury, who are the country, not the copy, but twelve copies, of the indictment, before the prosecuting counsel opens his lips. The judge has no better, no other title to the copy of the indictment than each several juryman has. As to the jargon of indictments, I have not found it so thick but that a plain man can pick out of the rigmarole the facts and motives whereof what we call "the Crown" accuses the prisoner. If it were, the matter should be looked into at once. All cliques, however respectable, are public enemies at odd times. Many years ago the country had to compel the clergy to read prayers "in a language understood of the people." *Country v. Clique*. Next we had to compel a clique to give us the laws of England in English. *Country v. Clique*. By and by we had to force a clique to drop the grossest compost of bad Latin and bad French a nation ever groaned under, and to give us our law pleadings in English. *Country v. Clique*. And now, if it is seriously asserted that the Crown attacks the lives and liberties of Britons in a language not understood of the country, though the country has to judge both Crown and prisoner, it is time we copied ancestral wisdom and put our foot on imbecility No. 4. *Country v. Clique*.

These, however, are after-considerations; at present I stand upon clear constitutional rights.

I understand the country demanded in open court a copy of that indictment, and did not get one.

I repeat that demand in your columns, in order that the country may see it, jargon, or no jargon, and compare it with the evidence in your columns. Of course I do not address my demand to any gentleman in particular. There are several copies in existence. No doubt some just man will awake from his slumbers and send you a copy. I earnestly hope to see it printed *in extenso*. Till then I forbear all comments on the case, because the issues are not before me, any more than they were before the country at the trial.

Your faithful servant,

CHARLES READE.

SECOND LETTER.

October 2d, 1877.

SIR,—It is an old saying that one fool makes many. I have, however, discovered something more—viz., that one muddlehead sometimes makes a million, if he can get a popular journal to print him. I must take the world as it is; and in so grave and terrible a case, I dare not let your correspondent “A. B.” pass unanswered.

He is a lawyer, and does not pretend to deny that the jury have as good a right to a copy of the indictment as the judge has. But he says that in a large experience of criminal trials, he never knew a judge to hand a copy of the indictment to the jury. He adds, in the roundabout style of men who do not think clearly, what really comes to this, that as the judge *talked* a great deal and well, it did not matter to the jury what the Crown *wrote*.

Now, sir, this is no answer to me. I never said the judge was bound to volunteer a copy of the indictment to the jury; I never denied the malpractice of the courts, and that the Crown solicitor does not hand twelve copies to the jury, though it is his duty. I have never denied that twelve unguarded jurymen, new to the courts, often let the legal clique trepan them into trying a case without studying the written issues. But ignorant persons can only forego their own rights. Their ignorance does not forfeit the rights of the informed. What we have to do with is a jury which acted on their rights and their duty. They were just enough, wise enough, and wary enough to demand, at a critical period of the trial, a copy of the very words of the Crown upon which, and not upon the judge's words, they had to say “Guilty or not Guilty.” The judge put off this their just and proper demand, and gave a reason which, weighed against the wise and proper reasons of the jury and against their constitutional right, sounds almost like mere levity. By so doing, he left them to give their verdict on his own spoken words alone, and not on the written words of his Sovereign and theirs. This is the case. I think it is without precedent and vitiates the proceedings. If there is a precedent, however, it will be found and quoted. But the country will expect it to be a precedent that fits the case, without shuffling or equivocation, and meantime I hope the execution will not be hurried, but time given for the country and the Home Secretary to consider this fatal blot on the proceedings. Indeed, the matter ought to be noticed in Parliament, especially in the House of Commons.

I am, sir, your faithful servant, CHARLES READE.

THIRD LETTER.

October 3d, 1877.

SIR,—Mr. Abbott says the author of “It is Never too Late to Mend” is soft-hearted. Not a bit of it. He is only harder-headed than certain Englishmen. He proved in the story cited

above that the honest man who kills a thief in prison contrary to law is a greater criminal than the thief. That was logic; not compassion. Mr. Abbott now reminds us that pettifogging judges, looking too closely into indictments, have quashed them on trumpety grounds of law, in spite of evidence. This is notorious. But what is the inference? are the *judges* not to be allowed a copy of the indictment? He has proved *that*, or he has proved nothing; for no *jury* ever defeated justice with a quibble on the indictment. In spite of these occasional abuses, constitutional rights must be tampered with. A judge is as much entitled to a copy of the indictment as even the jury are, who have to try the issues. What we have to do with is a new thing—the separate indictments of four persons, submitted to the judge, but not seen by the jury, though they asked for them, and the jury delivering a sort of lump verdict on unseen indictments, in which, perhaps, the Crown did not lump four very different cases in one without any discriminating words whatever. Who knows? The indictments are still suppressed. Another of your correspondents draws me out by malicious misinterpretation. He puts violent and cruel words into my mouth, and is reckless enough, with my sober lines before him, to pretend that I compare Mr. Justice Hawkins to Judge Jeffreys. Of course such unscrupulous people can compel a man to notice them. The learned judge has been my counsel, and I have profited by his abilities. I was never so unfortunate as to have him against me, in court. I hope I never shall. The jury asked by word of mouth for the indictment. He replied, without much reflecton, by word of mouth. His reply was unfortunate, as many a hasty reply of my own has been, and, as its effect was to deprive the jury of their constitutional rights, I think it vitiates the proceedings. As to the merits of the case, is it fair of any man to tell the public what I think when I myself have been so careful not to rush hastily into that question? As it happens, I approve some things in the learned judge's summing-up in spite of the objection taken to those particulars by others. It is only in one part of the subject I do not at present agree with him. Even then, I desire to think well before I write, for no man feels more than I do the responsibility to God and man of every one who uses the vast power of a popular journal in a case of life and death.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

FOURTH LETTER.

October 10th, 1877.

SIR,—When a woman of property is half-starved by people who are eating her bread, and her husband, with his paramour, lives but one mile distant, on the money of their injured benefactress, and the victim dies covered with vermin and weighing about five stone, the wildfire of indignation will, I hope, always run through every vein of the country, and the judges share the

just wrath of the gentry and of the millions who work so hard to feed their own helpless charges.

But great wrath, even when just, is still a fever of the mind, and cannot discriminate. Whilst the heart is still hot with that fire which has been so truly called "a passing frenzy" (*ira brevis furor*), the culpable ones seem criminal, the criminal ones seem monsters, and "our great revenge has stomach for them all."

I, who write these lines, am but a man recovering fast from a fever in a nation which is recovering slowly but surely. I recover fast, because, from my youth, I have been trained in a great school to reason closely and discriminate keenly, and armed with Oxford steel against the tricks and sophistries of rhetoric, against the derangement of dates (which single artifice will turn true facts into lies), against those fatal traps, equivoques in language, and against all gaps in evidence, however small they may appear to the unwary. I grieve to say that I receive shoals of insulting letters, telling me I am a Whalleyite and a novelist, and so disqualified. This draws a few unwilling words from me to disarm prejudice. I declared against Orton in the *Daily News* before ever the Crown tried him. I then laid down the scientific principle which governs his case, the doctrine of multiplied coincidences; and, though I write novels at one time, I can write logic at another, and when I write a novel I give the public my lowest gifts, but I give them my highest when I write in a great journal upon life and death and justice. But the best thing the public, and those who govern it, can do, will be to go by things, not names, to sift my arguments as closely as I shall analyze the evidence and the hasty inferences in the greatest judicial error of modern times.

The verdict against the Stauntons and Rhodes is a hodge-podge, in which the legally criminal and the legally culpable are confounded, and both sets of legal culprits are confounded with the moral culprits, who are clear of the case by the law of England and the rules of evidence that bind the Central Criminal Court.

Few observers of mankind will deny me this, which, indeed, reads like a truism:

Where A, B, and C confound four things, and D, on the same evidence, distinguishes them, it is a thousand to one that D is right, and A, B, and C are wrong.

The position becomes even stronger when we find that A, B, and C have been subject to several confusing influences. It may be worth while to point out the confusing processes that muddled the jury, of which processes some rise from the habitual malpractices of this particular court, and others from faults that have been imported into it for this single occasion.

PROCESSES OF CONFUSION.

1. The court, for its convenience, tried four dissimilar cases in the lump, and the four prisoners stood together at the bar.
2. Being near and dear to each other, and involved in one danger, they suffered and sympathized openly.

3. Twelve unguarded men looked on and deluded by the senses, which are always stronger than the judgment in untrained minds, said to themselves "they are all in one boat." So they were—in one family boat, not one legal boat. But the family boat being in a legal dock, these good souls took it for a legal boat directly.

4. The four separate indictments, with their curious counts, would have tended to cure this. But here the malpractices of the court came in with another process of confusion.

By the law of England the arraignment of a prisoner consists of three parts; (a) He is called to the bar by his name; (b) the indictment is read to him, every syllable of it; (c) he is invited to plead to the indictment, and no other form of words, and he has a right to plead guilty to one count, and not guilty to another count; and, if he is legally culpable, but not criminal, it is the wisest thing he can do.

This being done by the Clerk of Arraigns, the paper that Clerk has read from becomes, from the universal practice of all our courts, the property of the jury so long as that trial lasts.

But the Clerk of Arraigns, by a modern malpractice, broke this just and necessary law, and the judge let him. So each prisoner was grossly robbed of his right to admit one count and deny another, and the jury was grossly robbed of a copy of the indictment, though the mere preliminary jury whose responsibility is so much less, had one to study and find a true Bill on; and though it is not merely the right but the duty of the jury, as laid down by Blackstone himself very clearly, to study the indictment very closely and to find "guilty" on one count and "not guilty" on another, and to carry discrimination even further, for they can find guilty on one half of a divisible count and acquit upon the other.

5. Law, justice, and common sense having thus been defied by the Central Criminal Court, and the great written instrument of discrimination withheld from them contrary to law, they were manipulated and confused by a rhetorician on the Bench, who picked out the highest count and ignored the others, and with gentle hand extinguished their one faint gleam of incipient discrimination, and left no doubt to the jury in a case crammed with doubts; which was unprecedented.

The result corresponded with all these co-operating processes.

The judge laid down the law that whoever has by law, or takes upon himself, the charge of a helpless person and does not give her enough to live upon, is guilty of murder by omission. He did not say whoever has one-fourth of the charge, for that is not the law.

THE CHARGE.

UNDER this ruling, on which I have something to say hereafter, the jury on the evidence contrived to see four persons, all of whom had either by law or their own act "*the charge*" of Harriet Staunton, and all saw her pine to death and let her pine to death.

Now let all men, in whose minds the very landmarks of truth

are not obliterated, look on that picture conjured up by a jury under several processes of confusion along with this picture which the evidence reveals to a discriminating eye.

Patrick Staunton, a committer of a crime, responsible for Harriet Staunton's life by a pecuniary contract with Louis. He docks her food, strikes her, terrifies and strikes his wife for interfering, etc. The evidence suggests that if the man had died in 1876, Harriet Staunton might be alive now. He comes under the judge's ruling. He had "*the charge*." This is the only committer of them all. Yet the jury can see nothing exceptional in his position. We now step down to a much lower grade of crime.

THE MERE OMITTERS.

At the head is Mrs. Patrick Staunton, a grown-up woman, experienced, and no fool. Her neglect of Harriet is *prima facie* barbarous; but it transpires that there was conjugal influence and coercion. The woman encountered blows in defense of the victim. The deterring effect of those blows, and her pregnancy, cannot be exactly estimated; nor is it necessary. The law, already disposed to assume conjugal influence, except in an indisputable case of murder, is amply satisfied with the admissions made on this head, and she is not a criminal, but a culpable offender. Two years' imprisonment. The next ommitter is Clara Brown. She slept in the same room with the victim; allowed the vermin to accumulate; saw her sufferings more than Mrs. P. Staunton: filled her own belly and let her perish; nor did she show any positive goodness of heart, as the elder woman did once or twice. I mean she never faced a blow nor got an angry word, and she never told a soul till the Crown Solicitor inspired her with higher sentiments. On the other hand, she was young, inexperienced, and stupid; and, though she saw most of the victim, never anticipated her death, which blindness in her rouses a suspicion that the whole set were much greater fools and smaller villains than they look. We now take a step in law which is as wide as the step down from the one committer to the four ommitters. We go out of the house. We don't even go next door, but to another house a mile distant, where two self-indulgent adulterers were hiding themselves from Harriet Staunton and absorbed in adultery, which was made smooth by Patrick's control of the injured wife. I never knew how low the human understanding could sink till I saw a jury who could confound this situation with that of Mrs. Patrick Staunton and Clara Brown, two people living in the house where Harriet Staunton pined on the first floor. That first floor Louis Staunton and Alice Rhodes avoided from self-indulgent motives, that are out of the case. Of these two persons, the law never had any hold on Rhodes. A mistress living in one house is not bound to provide food for a wife living in another. Rhodes is out of the case. Louis Staunton, until some day in August, 1876, was deep in the case. But the judge, in order to make hostile comments on his niggardliness, let in as evidence that he made a contract

with Patrick Staunton of this kind—Patrick was to receive Harriet in his own house, and receive twenty shillings per week. Louis was a mean scoundrel to offer so small a sum, but a rustic laborer and eight children live on less. It crushes the charge of murder as completely as twenty pounds a week would. It is a contract in which both contracting parties contemplated, not the death, but the indefinite life of Harriet Staunton. Its very niggardliness proves that on behalf of Louis Staunton. A man can transfer his legal responsibility. It is done daily. The legal responsibility of Louis Staunton passed by that pecuniary contract to Patrick as much as did the responsibility of that mother, who handed her child for five shillings a week to a baby-farmer, which baby-farmer neglected the child till it died a bag of bones, and was tried by Sir James Hawkins two days after the Stauntons. (See *The Daily Telegraph*, Oct. 1.) The attempts made to drag Rhodes into the case at all, and to drag Louis back into it after the admission of that contract, are pure sophistry and equivocation, as I shall show in the proper place. Meantime here is the true picture.

1. Committer and criminal.

2. Culpable omitters; one condemned to die, one walking about London.

3. and 4. Two vile moral omitters clear of the crime, but relieved by the lawyers of all their ill-gotten money, defended with admirable speeches, but worse defended on the evidence than they could have defended themselves, and condemned to die.

The blunder has been brought about partly by the recent malpractices, and the inherent defects, of the Central Criminal Court, whose system is so faulty that it never gets below the surface of a case, and is the worst instrument for the discovery of truth in Europe; and partly from special vices and errors, that found their way into the case, and surprise the whole legal profession, so opposed are they to precedent, and to the best traditions, and most sober habits, of the court. These it will be my next duty to analyze closely, but I think I can hit upon a briefer method than I have been able to pursue in this letter.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

FIFTH LETTER.

October 12th, 1877.

SIR.—Were I, who denounce an indiscriminating verdict upon four immoral egotists, to indorse the indiscriminating censure leveled at the judge who tried the case, I should exceed the error I condemn, for I should be morally unjust to the good; he has only been legally unjust to a portion of the bad.

I declare then, that he had no power to prevent one of the omitters from giving evidence against the others, whose mouths were closed by an iniquity of the law which is itself doomed to death; nor had he any right to disparage her whole evidence, but only to reject one part and sift the rest with keen suspicion;

and, when he directed the jury to prefer the opinion of Doctors who had seen the body, to that of Doctors who had not, and bade the jury observe the ugly circumstance that Harman, the doctor who had watched the post-mortem examination on behalf of the defendants, was not called for the defense, he did his duty to the jury, guided by innumerable precedents, which not only justified, but bound him. He did not make the rules of evidence: he found the rules of evidence, and very wise they are. In a word, I will not willfully object to anything but what defies precedent, and the habits of our other judges, and every one of their predecessors, whose name their country honors.

1. The judge laid down the law thus, as affecting the only count of a suppressed indictment which he permitted the jury to try; "every person who is under a legal duty, whether such duty be imposed by the law, or imposed by contract, or by the act of taking charge, wrongfully, or otherwise, of another person, to provide the necessaries of life, every such person is criminally responsible for the culpable neglect of that duty. And if the person so neglected, is, from age, insanity, health, or any other cause, unable to take care of himself, and by reason of that neglect, death ensues, the crime is murder."

Now this is the law if you don't stretch it, and try to catch more fish than the law allows. It is the law as it lies in the Text-Books, and is there applied to a *single person, having the sole legal charge*.

But as regards these four offenders it is too broad and loose, and is not the law of England as appears in the cases to which these very text-books refer, and in fifty other cases, well known, though not reported by lawyers, but only word for word by the newspapers. These are shunned by the lawyers; they are invaluable; but then they are not published and sold by that sacred clique.

However, the cases of criminal omission, though pitiably reduced in number by that childish prejudice, are, I think, fatal to this new theory of criminal responsibility in the highest degree attaching to persons who have not the sole charge in law of the murdered person.

What will my readers think, and what will the Home Secretary think, when I tell him that to find in the books a verdict of murder by omission I must go back *eighty-seven years*—to a time when jurymen were so used to shed blood like water by statute law that they naturally applied even the common law with a severity that is now out of date.

I, who with these eyes have seen a boy of eighteen hanged for stealing a horse, though the jury could have saved him, and the judge could have saved him with a word, am not disposed to rate beyond its value the case of "*Rex v. Squires*," on which Sir T. Hawkins, I think, relies, still less to stretch it *ad infinitum*, where the jury that hanged him restricted it so closely.

In 1790 the Crown indicted Squires and his wife for murder. They had starved a young apprentice, and beaten him cruelly. The wife, as to the beating, could not by law prove conjugal influence, for she had beaten the boy in her husband's absence,

which bars that plea. The post-mortem, however, revealed starvation, and not the boy's wounds, to be the cause of death. The jury found Squires guilty of murder; but they held that Mrs. Squires had not in this, as she had in the blows, acted independently of her husband. She had not intercepted any food her husband had given her for the boy.

If this case is to be acted on in our day, at least we should not garble and take the sanguinary half. The jury acquitted Mrs. Squires, a far worse woman than Mrs. P. Staunton, and they acquitted her logically. In a case of omission they could not convict the husband capitally but by loading him with the whole charge, and the whole criminality of a joint act. Does this case, looked into and understood, support the new theory of criminal responsibility, infinitely divisible, without diminution of guilt?

A leading case of our own day, and therefore a better guide for us, is "The Queen *v.* Bubb and Hook." Elizabeth Bubb was a widow with two children, and sister to Richard Hook's wife, deceased. Hook invited her into his house, and gave her money to keep the family; She fed and clothed her own family, and half starved the poor dead sister's. She carried her cruelty so far that the neighbors remonstrated often, but Hook looked calmly on, and did not mind. By steady degrees this fiendish woman murdered Hook's youngest child by starvation and cold. She was indicted for murder. The jury did not conceal their horror, but they used their right, and reduced the crime to manslaughter; but, as that verdict opens the door to lenient sentences, they guarded the judge in a way that shows how wise twelve plain men can be when each of them thinks for himself. They brought it in "aggravated manslaughter." Hook was tried for manslaughter at the same assize. As he had supplied Bubb with means, there was nothing against him but his apathy and neglect of his pining child, and his turning a deaf ear to remonstrances. It was left to the jury to decide whether this was culpable neglect, or stupid neglect in a father—not an outsider, like Rhodes. They decided for stupid neglect, and acquitted Hook. Here is the same principle. They were resolved to put the saddle on the right horse, and not upon two horses. Will my readers pause, and compare the guilt of the heartless, relentless fiend Bubb—sole executor of a deadly deed, in spite of remonstrances—with the case of Mrs. Patrick Staunton, a wife, and under influence, who in her moments of conscience resisted the cruelty, and was overpowered?

If you divide an apple into four pieces, you have four pieces, but not four apples. If, in a case of omission, you could really divide the legal charge, and the highest criminal responsibility, the effect would not be what Sir J. Hawkins told the jury the effect would be—to subdivide and fritter away the criminal responsibility till it should escape the lash of the law, and meet no punishment but public reprobation.

Example—two Welsh parents had an imbecile girl, who professed sanctity and fasting, and the old people made their money out of her. Incredulous doctors demanded a test. Parents consented. Doctors watched night and day, and went at the first

plunge much deeper than the Stauntons; for they stopped all supplies dead short. They killed her quick amongst them. The doctors sat round her bed and saw the lamp of life burn out in eight days. Vulgar curiosity does not excuse deliberate murder. See now if by any quibbling or evasion the conduct of the parents can be taken out of murder—as the law laid down for the Stauntons, see above—or the doctors cleared of manslaughter. Clean stoppage of food is the short cut to murder, with the goal in sight all the way.

Insufficient supply of food is an uncertain road to manslaughter. The victim may get used to it. Luigi Carnaro achieved a vast longevity by no other means than insufficient nutriment arrived at by degrees. If divided responsibility leaves seven people equally responsible, why were not those parents and doctors all hung?

2. "IMPOSED BY LAW, OR, IMPOSED BY CONTRACT."

True. But throughout this case he withheld from the jury that when the law and lawful contract are opposed, contract prevails. In order to submit to the jury some just comments on the niggardly wretch, Louis Staunton, and the 20s. he agreed to pay Patrick to house and board his wife, he let in the paltry contract as evidence; yet he withheld from the jury the immediate legal effect of the contract. This was to give Patrick the sole charge of the wife, and the sole criminal responsibility of the highest degree.

The legal responsibility passed clean out of Louis by passing into Patrick. Had Louis failed to pay weekly, Patrick could have sued him.

Whether a responsibility originally so sacred as a husband's could not be revived partially, and in a lower form, by Louis constantly visiting his wife and actually seeing her pine away, and whether this would not make him guilty of manslaughter is another matter, and one I shall deal with under another head; but I complain that the judge withheld his legal knowledge from the jury whenever it could serve a prisoner, of which this is one example.

3.—Another is his dead silence as to Mrs. P. Staunton's legal position as a wife, and the influence of her husband upon her as well as on Rhodes—an influence the law is not unwilling to assume, though of course it can be rebutted, as when Mrs. Manning was proved to be the instigator of a joint crime. But here the husband had by contract the sole legal charge, like Squires in 1790.

4.—Illegal and improper evidence was admitted, such as no prisoner with his mouth closed has ever been assassinated by in my time. Clara Brown was allowed to depose to the existence of a letter written by Louis Staunton to Alice Rhodes in August, 1876. That was allowable, for Rhodes admitted having received and lost a letter. But now comes the legal wrong. She was allowed to own herself a thief as regarded that particular letter, and also what the old judges called "a spoliator of evidence."

As regarded that one letter, I mean she was allowed to depose

that she had burnt it willfully, and with her own hand, and yet she was permitted to take advantage of her own suppression of the real letter, to give by memory or imagination just so many words as the Crown Solicitor, who got up the case, thought might suffice to hang Louis Staunton by an equivocation pointing to murder, and an admission of long criminal intimacy to prove adultery before as well as after marriage. "Spoliation of evidence" does not figure much in the text-books. You must go wide and deep to find the hundreds of cases that lie behind all the older maxims of law. "Assume everything to the discredit of a spoliator of evidence" is the maxim, and the person who destroys any written document divining its importance is certainly a spoliator of evidence. But if the good, though almost obsolete, phrase be objected to, I will resign it and stick to the substance. Why, even at Nisi Prius, if a witness, to decide a case, swore he received a letter from a party who could not be put in the box, and proved that he really had received a letter from that person of some kind or other, would he be allowed to say, "I burned the letter, seeing its importance; the writer *cannot be called to contradict me, so I remember enough of the contents to win this verdict, £50,000, for the party who puts me in the box*"—would not the judge hesitate to let the jury's mind be prejudiced by hearing this witness's garbled quotations? If another hand had burned it, well and good; but surely not when he had burned it himself, and so put the court entirely at the mercy of partial quotation and misquotation. I am of opinion, subject to the decision of the judges—and it is quite time they sat to review criminal cases—that this sham reproduction of a selected and garbled part of a written letter the witness had willfully destroyed was legally inadmissible against two prisoners whose mouths were sealed.

I shall show in my next that this violation, not of some pedantic rule of evidence, but of its very fundamental principles, lets a whole vein of romantic error into the case, and shall expose generally the false system by which the order of the facts was dislocated and the facts falsified.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

I beg to acknowledge with thanks some insulting letters from people who don't sign their names, and some encouraging ones from ladies and gentlemen who do.

SIXTH LETTER.

October 13th, 1877.

SIR,—In reply to reasonable comments let me say I have not put forward that branch of law which concerns the aiding and abetting any kind of murder, whether by commission or omission, because the judge did not lay that down to the jury, and he was bound to do so if that was the law he relied on.

He never treated Louis Staunton as an "accessory before the fact," which under this head of law was the only cap that

could be made to fit him. He never told the jury what precise evidence the law demands against a man who has made a niggardly contract contemplating, by its very niggardliness, the indefinite life of the victim, ere a jury is to pronounce that he did "procure, counsel, command and abet" the murder of that person.

Of course no lawyer will pretend that a man living out of the house of murder can be accessory *at* the fact, or what the text books call "a principal in the first degree;" nor will any lawyer deny that if he lives out of the house, but procures, counsels, commands, or abets the murder, *beyond doubt*, he can be an accessory *before* the fact, or a principal in the second degree. But there must be high evidence and direct evidence, and if spoken or written words are relied on they must be addressed to the very person who does the murder, and must be unequivocal. A doubtful phrase addressed to Rhodes, who took no part in the murder, is not at all the kind of evidence required by all the books and all the cases. See the word "accessory" in any text book or report whatever.

THE FACTS.

In our Criminal Court, where the prisoners, the only people who really know the ins and outs of the case, are not allowed to open their lips, and correct any of the shallow guesswork that is going on about them in their astonished ears, one great abuse like that I denounced in my last letter is sure to let in many more. Clara Brown, the one witness on whom the case for the Crown really depends, was allowed by the judge to swear she had destroyed a letter, and yet to cite so much of it, correctly or incorrectly, as fitted the two horns of the prosecution. That abuse led at once to another. This model witness was allowed another privilege the rules of evidence do not grant—viz., to argue the case. For this the defendants are indebted to their counsel.

He asked whether she understood the sentence about Harriet being "out of the way" to refer to her death. To this question she replied "Yes."

French counsel surprised by a prosecution would immediately have had a personal conference with the prisoners, and would have asked the girl questions that would have greatly benefited the prisoners. The jury, hearing a witness swear to an interpretation of a doubtful phrase, were not aware this was not evidence, and ought severely to be rejected from their minds. So one abuse led to another, and it is not too much to say that this imaginary letter, with the witness's black-hearted interpretation, is the rope that is to hang Louis Staunton.

Well, such a rope of sand has never hung an Englishman in my day. It is pitiable to see how little, if anything, that can even by courtesy be called mental power, was brought to bear by twelve men of the world on this quotation of a letter without its contents, one of the stalest frauds in the world and also in literature of every kind, especially controversial theology.

Permit me to test this imaginary extract from what was proved, I think, to be a real letter, by one or two sure methods of which I am not the inventor.

Have those twelve gentlemen counted the number of words a young servant girl swore she had remembered in their exact order for nine months or more, though she had burned the letter, and the subject had never been recalled to her mind till she fell into the hands of the prosecution?

The words are sixty-two in number.

“My own darling,—I was very sorry to see you cry when I left you. It seems as though it never must be, but there will be a time when Harriet will be out of the way, and we shall be happy together. Dear Alice, you must know how I love you by this time. We have been together two years now.”

Now, sir, even if those fatal words about a time when Harriet will be out of the way were ever written without some explanatory context, I think the jury ought to have been throughout solemnly warned and guarded against the illogical interpretation of them. The just rule of interpretation is that you should always prefer a literal to a vague or metaphorical interpretation. The words “out of the way” mean out of the way; they don’t mean dead. A man can say “dead,” and if Rhodes was projecting murder with him, why should he not have said so?

The next rule is, that you prefer the interpretation which the writer himself confesses by his own act, and the next is, that you prefer the interpretation that is first fulfilled in order of time. Now, it was Louis, the writer of the words, who took a farm soon after, settled Harriet with Patrick, and so got her out of the way, and lived in smooth adultery with Rhodes, whereas it was other people who killed Harriet Staunton, and nine months afterward. But I shall now show the extract as sworn to was never written.

1st objection.—It is too long, and too short, which two traits can never meet in a genuine extract.

A. Too long for a servant girl to remember, word for word, nine months after hearing it.

B. Too short. Louis Staunton was not preparing his own prosecution. It was not on the cards of mere accident that he should furnish in sixty-two words *two equivocal* expressions—one establishing a long adulterous intercourse of which there is no corroborative proof, but the reverse; and another quibble projecting distant murder, of which there is no corroborative proof, since Harriet was well used for months after.

2. The line reminding her she had been his mistress for two years is worded by a woman, and not by Staunton or any man. Decent women, like Clara Brown have a delicate vocabulary unknown to men. “We have been together,” which means everything the prosecution wanted, but says nothing at all, is a woman’s word for criminal connection.

3. The statement itself is not true, and from that you must

argue backward against the genuineness of the quotation, since he would not say this to a girl who knew better.*

4. The witness could remember nothing but her lesson: sixty-two consecutive words, all neat and telling, and meeting the two great views of the prosecution: but, that done, a blank—a total blank; not six consecutive words. This is barefaced. Daniel Defoe would have managed better. He would have armed the witness with ten consecutive words on some matter quite foreign to the objects of the prosecution. The quotation is fabricated.

The process has nothing exceptional in it, nor is there any one to blame, except the Court, for letting in parole evidence about a written document destroyed by the witness herself.

Allow 10,000 such witnesses, and, if the case is ably prepared, you must, in the very nature of things, have 10,000 inaccurate quotations, all leaning toward the side that calls the witness.

The people who get up a prosecution have but one way of dealing with such a witness. She comes to them remembering a word here or there. She is advised to speak the truth and take time. But, as the conference proceeds, she is asked whether she happens to remember anything of such a kind? She is very ductile, and forces her memory a bit in the direction she instinctively sees is desired. The very person who is examining her with an *ex parte* view does not see that she is so wax-like as she is.

Add a small grain of self-deception on both sides, and a mixture of truth and falsehood comes into the unwary and most inconsistent court, which stops Louis Staunton's mouth, yet lets in a worse kind of evidence than the prisoner's own, viz., this horrible hodge-podge of memory, imagination, and prompting, which, in *the very nature of things, and by the mere infirmity of the human mind, must be a lie.*

That a man should die only because he is tried in England. Bring your minds to bear on this, my countrymen. If an ignorant man, like this Staunton, is defended in a suit for fifty-one pounds, he can go into the witness-box and explain all the errors of the plaintiff, if any; but if he is tried for his life, which is dearer to every man than all the money in the world, he is not allowed to say one word to the jury, if he has counsel. Now, in France he may speak after his counsel have done muddling his case, but here with heartless mockery, when Ignorance all round has hanged him, he is allowed to speak—to whom? To the judge. On what? The nice quibbles of the law, but not on facts and motives—that being the one thing he can never do, and this being the thing he could generally do, and flood the groping Court with light, especially as to his true motives and the extenuating circumstances of the case. By this system the blood-thirsty murderer, who chooses his time, and slays swiftly in the dark, gains an advantage he cannot have in the wiser Courts of Europe. But God help the malefactor who is not an

* Since this letter was written, it has been proved to be a falsehood. The criminal connection was hardly one year old.

habitual criminal, or one of the deepest dye, but a mixed sinner, who has glided from folly into sin, and from sin into his first crime, and who has been fool as well as villain. His mouth is closed, and all the extenuating circumstances that mouth could always reveal are hidden with it, or, as in this case, grossly and foully perverted into aggravating circumstances.

This is very unfair. The Nation will see it some day. At present what is to be done? After all, thank God, it is a free country, and one in which bad law is sometimes corrected by just men.

To all such I appeal against the rope of sand I have had to untwist in this letter.

The post has enabled me to do something more: to resist foul play and garbled quotations and those most dangerous of all lies, equivoques in language, such as "Harriet out of the way," the very kind of lies Holy Writ ascribes to Satan, and the great poets of every age have described as hellish, which they are.

I resolved to give Louis Staunton, what that den of iniquity and imbecility, the Central Criminal Court, did not give him, one little chance of untwisting that rope of sand, although he has the misfortune not to be a Frenchman. I conveyed a short letter to Mr. Louis Staunton through the proper authorities, requesting him to try and remember the entire matter of a certain letter he had unquestionably written to Alice Rhodes in August, 1876, and to send it to me verbatim. Some delay took place while my letter was submitted to authorities outside the jail, but Fair Play prevailed, and now I append the letter to my own, which is of less value. I send it all the same, because I have looked narrowly into that of Staunton's, and I don't see any of that self-evident mendacity I have felt it my duty to point out in the garbled quotation the rope of sand. This letter, at all events, *may* be true. For here I see youth, with its selfish vices, not looking months ahead, either for good or bad, but getting Harriet out of the way without a metaphor, to enjoy the sweet vice his self-indulgent soul was filled with, and not with long, cold-blooded schemes of murder such as belong to more hardened natures than this, who, we learn from the Crown itself, and on oath, sat down and cried because his wife upset the house. The following is

LOUIS STAUNTON'S LETTER.

MAIDSTONE JAIL, *October 11th, 1872.*

SIR,—I duly received your letter of the 9th inst., and now beg to reply to it. The letter in question I wrote to Alice Rhodes on or about August 17, 1876. The facts are these: I had several times promised to take Alice Rhodes down to Brighton for a week, but had been prevented from doing so. But on Saturday, August 14, Mrs. Staunton, Alice Rhodes, and myself, went down to Cudham, for the purpose of leaving Mrs. Staunton there, that we might go to Brighton on the Tuesday; but on the Monday I received a telegram to say my father was worse. My brother and myself immediately came up to London, leaving Alice Rhodes and Mrs. Staunton at Cudham. I then wrote her this letter:

"MY OWN DARLING,—I know you will be sorry to hear that my poor dear father passed away yesterday. This is a sad blow to me, but we all have our troubles. Our trip must now be put off again. It seems as if it is not to be; but I will arrange another time to get Harriet out of the way, so you must not be disappointed. I shall have to remain down home for a few days, so Harriet had better stop down with you."

I believe I have now given you word for word what I said in this letter. I have thought well over it, and cannot remember saying anything more! What I meant by "It seems as if it is not to be," was our going to Brighton, and of getting "Harriet out of the way," that she might not know anything about it.

This is the whole truth of the letter.

I am, Sir,

Yours obediently,

LOUIS STAUNTON.

CHARLES READE, Esq.

The Public is to understand that I deal fairly with the Powerful Journal which has done me the honor to allow me to express boldly my unalterable convictions. I do not write letters and say "Thus said Staunton;" I tender you this handwriting, begging you to do me the honor to keep it, and show it to few or many as you think proper. I do not lead witnesses as I think Clara Brown was led—unconsciously, no doubt. My short letter, to which this is a reply, lies in Maidstone Jail. I can't remember what I write, like this young sinner, nor imagine what other people write—like Miss Brown *plus* an attorney's clerk. But I am sure it is a short line, just asking the man to send the truth. He looks on himself as a dying man; has no hope of saving himself; and I think he has come pretty near the truth in his letter.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

P.S.—Now that I have opened the dumb creature's mouth which that beastly court, the disgrace of Europe, had closed, who doubts the real meaning of the letter, and that the writer had **Adultery** in view, and had not **Homicide**.



THE LEGAL VOCABULARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "PALL MALL GAZETTE."

SIR,—Now those swift-footed hares, my eloquent contemporaries, have galloped over Diblanc's trial, may I ask you, in the name of humanity, to let the tortoise crawl over it with his microscopic eye? Where female culprits are to be judged, a patient drudge, who has studied that sex profoundly in various walks of life, including Diblanc's, is sometimes a surer exponent of facts than is a learned lawyer. I will keep strictly within the limits of the legal defense. The Crown used Diblanc as its

witness to the killing, and this, by a rule of law which is inexorable, and governs alike a suit or an indictment, let in the prisoner's explanations *as evidence*. But there are degrees of evidence; what she said against herself was first-class evidence; what she said favorable to herself was low evidence, to be received when it is contradicted neither by a living witness nor a clear fact. I keep within this circle, traced by the judge himself, simply premising that I have seen many a prisoner acquitted on his own explanation of motives thus made admissible, though poor, evidence, by the prosecutor.

Now did the criminal seek the victim, or the victim her? Where was the crime committed? In the kitchen. And what is the kitchen? It is a poor man's cottage on the ground-floor of a gentleman's house. No paper—no carpet—stone floor—it is made like a servant's home out of contempt; but the result of that contempt is, that the female domestic feels at home in it, soul and body. It is the servant's house, and the cook's castle and workshop. To come and insult her there galls her worse than in the gentfolk's part. What a lady feels if a cook walks up into the drawing-room to affront her, that the cook feels if the mistress comes down into her castle to affront her. But a kitchen is something else; it is an arsenal of deadly weapons, with every one of which the cook is familiar. The principal are—a hatchet to chop wood, a rolling-pin, a steel to sharpen knives, a cleaver, an enormous poker, a bread knife, carving knife, etc. Into this cook's castle and arsenal of lethal weapons comes Diblanc's mistress on a Sunday forenoon, when even a cook is entitled to a little bit of peace and some little reduction of her labor, if possible, and gives an inconsiderate order. The cook says there's no need for that; dinner is not till seven. This offends the mistress, and she threatens to discharge her on the spot. The cook says she will go directly if her month's wages are paid her. "No," says the mistress, "I will keep you your time; but I will make you suffer." Here there is a lacuna; but the climax was that the mistress called this poor, hard-working woman, in her castle and workshop, a prostitute, and dwelt upon the epithet. Then the cook, goaded to fury, took, not one of the murderous weapons close at hand, but sprang at her mistress's throat, and griped it with such fury that she broke the poor creature's jaw and throttled her on the spot, and probably killed her on the spot, whatever she may have said to the contrary. The deed done, the criminal is all amazement, vacillation, and uncertainty in word and deed. Her deeds: She carried the body wildly here and there; she puts a rope round its neck in a mad attempt to pass the act off for suicide; she resolves on flight; she has not the means; she casts her eyes round, and sees the safe with money in it; she breaks it open, and takes enough for her purpose; she does not pillage; she steals the means of flight; she robs in self-defense. Her words: "I leave for Paris this evening." Then a horror falls on her like a thunderclap. "No, I shall never see Paris again, not even my parents." Is there nothing human in this sudden cry of a poor savage awaking to her crime? "I shall try to

leave for America." So, then, she goes out intending to sail to America, and goes just where she did not mean to go—to Paris. She gets there, and instantly pays a just debt with the money she no longer needed to save her life. In other words, she is no more a real thief than a real murderer, as the common-sense of mankind understands the words. With the light thus reflected by her subsequent conduct, all vacillation and inability to carry out a design, I return to the homicide and its true interpretation.

Fact goes by precedent as well as law, and, strange to say lawyers, those slaves of precedent, often forget this. Now, what does experience or precedent teach us with regard to the murder of adults by adults? Is the open hand the weapon murder selects? It is the weapon cold-blooded robbery has often selected to *avoid murder*. But is it the weapon murder has often selected? Certainly not. But Diblanc's defense rests on far stronger ground. The point of her defense is this: *She stood in an arsenal of deadly weapons, and yet avoided them, and used the non-lethal weapon—her bare hands—being maddened to fury and burning for revenge, but not positively intending to murder either before the attack or at the moment of the attack.* These facts, minutely examined, tear the theory of "premeditation" up by the roots; but you cannot tear that theory up by the roots without displacing the theory of "intention," and letting in the defendant's evidence that she did not intend to kill Madame Riel. And this brings me naturally to the nature and extent of the provocation that stung her to fury.

Mr. Baron Channell says that no mere words can by provocation reduce willful killing to manslaughter. Granted; but I think this applies only to killing with lethal weapons. Where two things combine—where A receives a foul provocation in language from B, and, avoiding lethal weapons close to his hand, kills B with the bare hand, I think the jury have a right to call that manslaughter if they please. A calls B a liar; B knifes him. Murder. B calls C a liar; C fells him with a blow, and kills him. Manslaughter. Oh, but throttling is worse than striking. Ay, worse in a man, but not in a woman, because women do not fight with the fist; they *always* go at each other with the claws, and no murder done one time in a thousand. If we are to judge women we really must not begin by being pig-headed idiots, and confounding them entirely, mind and limbs, with men. The truth is, language contains no word with which a man can strike a man to the heart, in his own person, as a woman can strike a woman with a word. It is at once stupid and cruel the way in which this poor creature's provocation has been slurred over. The evidence is all in favor of her continence. When out of place in Paris she fell in debt directly; a plain proof labor was her only way of getting bread. Here in London it comes out that her wages were everything to her. She wanted to go, but could not for want of a little money. Why, her very strength, about which so much twaddle has been uttered, was not the strength of the individual, it was only the strength that comes to women of her age by an honorable, laborious, and con-

continent life. And is it a small thing that to such a woman, working in her kitchen for her bread, another woman, whose life was not laborious and honorable like hers, should come and say, "You are a prostitute"? "*Facile judicat qui pauca considerat.*" We must consider not the insult only, but the quarter whence it came; and we shall find the utmost limits of verbal provocation have been reached in Diblanc's case. The time—Sunday morning, when the world gets peace, and even cooks hope for it. The place—her own kitchen. The insult—the most intolerable the mind can conceive; and *a lie*. The result—honest labor and continence uses none of the lethal weapons at hand, but took luxury and foul-mouthed slander by the throat. Luxury's arm was pithless against insulted labor and continence, and a crime was consummated, when between two working women there would only have been a fight.

It is the misfortune of women that few men except one or two writers of fiction, can put themselves in a woman's place, and so qualify themselves to judge her in these obscure cases. But let me put a man, as nearly as I can, in this woman's place. A man is with his wife, whom he loves as dearly as Diblanc loves herself. Another man comes and calls that woman a prostitute to her face and his; there's a hatchet on one side of the husband, and a carving knife on the other. The husband takes neither, but seizes the slanderer by the throat and squeezes the life out of him. Would that man be indicted for murder? I doubt it. Would Baron Channell ask a conviction for murder? I doubt it. If he did, no jury in England would convict. Yet here the provocation is purely verbal, and the killing identical with Diblanc's.

Let me now, without blaming any living person, draw the attention of public men to the stereotyped trickery and equivocation by means of which the death of Marguerite Diblanc has been compassed—in theory; for she is not to die, I conclude. Some lawyer, in the name of a humane Sovereign, draws a bloodthirsty, exaggerated indictment, and says Diblanc slew Madame Riel willfully and with malice aforethought. The evidence contradicts the malice and the aforethought, which are the very sting of the indictment, and the jury demur. "Oh, let that flea stick in the wall," says the judge, "we don't go by Johnson's Dictionary here; 'aforethought,' that means 'contemporaneous' in our vocabulary, and 'malice' means rage, passion, anything you like—*except malice, of course*. All you have got to do is to disregard the terms of the indictment, and if she killed the woman at all say she killed her with malice aforethought." The jury, who are generally novices and easily overcome by the picture of a gentleman thatched with horsehair, assent with reluctance, and recommend the prisoner to mercy, thereby giving their verdict the lie; for if the indictment was not an impudent falsehood and their verdict another she would be a most unfit subject for mercy. This bastard verdict which says "Yes" with a trumpet and "No" with a penny whistle being obtained by persuasion, the judge goes coolly back to Dr. Johnson, whom he has disowned for a time in order to get a

verdict, and condemns the woman to death for having killed her fellow-creature with malice aforethought, as Johnson understands the words. But, as he too knows it is all humbug, and a verbal swindle invented by dead fools and forced upon him, he takes measures to refer it to a layman called the Home Secretary, who is to find straightforwardness, sense, manhood, and, above all, English for the whole lot.

Now, sir, I agree with the writer of your able article of the 15th of June, that the way out of this is to enlarge, purify, and correct the legal vocabulary. The judges are in a hole. With two words—"manslaughter" and "murder,"—they are expected to do the work of three or four words; and how can they? It is impossible. Enlarge this vocabulary, and the most salutary consequences will flow in. Sweep away "manslaughter," which is an idiotic word meaning more than murder in etymology, and less in law, and divide unlawful killing into three heads—homicide, willful homicide, murder. Then let it be enacted that henceforward it shall be lawful for juries to understand all words used in indictments, declarations, pleadings, etc., in their plain and grammatical sense, and to defy all other interpretations whatever. Twelve copies of every indictment ought to be in the jury box, and every syllable of those indictments proved, whether bearing on fact or motive, or else the prisoner acquitted. Neither the Crown nor the private suitor should be allowed to exaggerate without smarting for it in the verdict, just as in the world overloaded invective recoils upon the shooter.

I am, sir, yours faithfully,
CHARLES READE.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD,
June 17th, 1872.



COLONEL BAKER'S SENTENCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—A great many journals and weeklies have told the public that an English judge has passed too lenient a sentence on Colonel Baker because he belongs to the upper classes. Some have added that the same judge had inflicted a severe sentence on certain gas stokers, and so we have a partial judge upon the bench. This is a grave conclusion, and, if true, would be deplorable. You would yourself regret it, and therefore will, I am sure, permit me to show you, by hard facts, that all this is not only untrue, but the exact opposite of the truth in every particular. Fact 1. The proceedings against Baker commenced with an application for delay and a special jury. Here was an opportunity to favor him. The judge rejected the application, and he was tried by a common jury. 2. On the trial the prosecuting counsel attacked him with a severity that is now unusual, and used a false comparison to lead the jury further than

the evidence warranted. 3. In contrast to this, Baker was defended with strict moderation. In France the accused speaks as well as his counsel, but in England his own mouth is closed, and we must assume instructions and give him the credit or discredit due to his line of defense. Now, there was a point in the plaintiff's evidence which to my mind is womanly and charming, but still, before a common jury, Mr. Hawkins could have done almost what he liked with it. It appeared that when the young lady was on the doorstep, she told her assailant he must hold her or she would fall. They little know the power of counsel who doubt that, by a series of sly ironical questions on this point, the case could have been weakened by ridicule, and the plaintiff tortured. Since the lower orders have been dragged into this, it should be considered that every one of them would have so defended himself, except those who had got rid of the case before by shoving the girl off the step instead of holding her. "That is the sort of men *they* are." My brilliant contemporaries know nothing about them. How should they, being in an exalted sphere? 4. The common jury cleared him of a criminal assault, and found him guilty of an indecent assault. My brilliant contemporaries hanker after the higher issue, and would like to see it in the judgment, though it was not in the verdict. But that would be to juggle with the constitutional tribunal, and be inexcusable in a judge. 5. Mr. Justice Brett dwelt on the enormity of the offense, and admitted only one palliating circumstance—viz., that the culprit, when he found the lady would risk her life sooner than be insulted, came to his senses, and showed a tardy compunction. This was so; and Colonel Baker's line of defense before the magistrates and before the court, entitled him to this small palliation. 6. Witnesses were called to character, with a view to mitigating punishment. Now, when a culprit of the lower orders can do this effectually, it always reduces punishment—sometimes one half or more. Were it to go for nothing where a gentleman has committed his first public crime, there would be gross partiality in favor of the lower orders, and an utter defiance of precedent. 7. The punishment inflicted was a fine, £500, and a year's imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. My brilliant contemporaries think that a poor man would have been much more punished. Now let us understand one another. Do they mean a poor man who had so assaulted a lady, or a poor man who had so assaulted a poor woman? Their language only fits the latter view. Very well, then. My brilliant contemporaries have eaten the insane root that takes the reason prisoner. Every day in the year men of the lower orders commit two thousand such assaults upon women of the lower orders, and it is so little thought of that the culprits are rarely brought to justice at all. When they are, it is a police magistrate, and not a jury, the women apply to. It is dealt with on the spot by a small fine or a very short imprisonment. Colonel Baker, had he been a navvy, would have got one month. My brilliant contemporaries go to their imagination for their facts. I, poor drudge, go to one out of twenty folio notebooks in which I have entered, alpha-

betically, the curious facts of the day for many a year. The fines for indecent assaults range from five pounds to twenty. Amongst the examples is one that goes far beyond Baker's case, for the culprit had recourse to chloroform. I call this a criminal assault. The magistrate, however, had a doubt, and admitted the culprit to bail. At the expiration of the bail the Lucretia in humble life walked into the court on Tarquin's arm, and begged to withdraw the plaint. She had married him in that brief interval. And that, O too imaginative contemporaries, "is the sort of *women* they are." The magistrate scolded them both, and said it was collusion to defeat the law. He lacked humor, poor man. When a lady or a gentleman is one of the parties, that immediately elevates the offense. I have a case in my list that resembles Baker's in some respects. It was a railway case—the offender a gentleman, the plaintiff a respectable milliner. This was dealt with at quarter sessions; fine £200, no imprisonment. In Craft's case the parties were reversed. Craft, a carpenter, at Farrington, kissed by force the daughter of a neighboring clergyman. She took him before a jury, and he got six months. But her Majesty remitted three months of this sentence.

I am informed there was a case the other day, and a bad one—punishment two months. But I will not be sure, for I have not seen it. Of this I am absolutely sure, that Baker's sentence is severe beyond all precedent. His fine is more than double the highest previous fine. His imprisonment, if not shortened, will be four times the term of Craft's, and about twelve times what, if the female had been in humble life, a blackguard by descent and inheritance would have got, and he is both fined and imprisoned. I think it most proper a gentleman should be more severely punished for so heinous an offense. But it is not proper that facts should be turned clean topsy-turvy, and the public humbugged into believing that the lower order of people are treated more severely in such cases, when, on the contrary, they are treated with gross partiality; still less is it proper that these prodigious errors of fact should be used to cast a slur upon the just reputation of a very sagacious, careful, and independent judge. To drag the gas stokers' case into this question is monstrous. Law has many branches, and a somewhat arbitrary scale of punishments that binds the judges more or less. As a rule, it treats offenses against the person more lightly than offenses against property—ay, even when marks of injury have been left upon the person for months. Now, the law of England abhors conspiracy, and Mr. Justice Brett found the law; he did not make it, nor yet did his grandfather. The gas stokers' sentence had nothing on earth to do with their birth and parentage. They were representative men—the ringleaders of a great conspiracy, and the only offenders nailed in a case where our jails ought to have been filled with the blackguards. It was a heartless, egotistical and brutal conspiracy; its object a fraud, and its instrument a public calamity. The associated egotists inflicted darkness on a great city during the hours of traffic. They not only incommoded a vast public cruelly; they also added to the perils of the city, and most likely injured life and limb. The

judge who punished these deliberate and combined criminals severely was the mouth-piece of an offended and injured public, and not of any clique whatever; for no clique monopolizes light, nor can do without it, least of all the poor. He gave his reasons at the time, and the press approved them, as anybody can see by turning to the files. To these facts, sir, I beg to add a grain of common sense. What is there in a British colonel to dazzle a British judge? The judge is a much greater man in society and in the country; and in court he is above the Princes of the Blood, for he represents the person and wields the power of the sovereign. Class distinctions do not much affect the judges of our day. They sit too high above all classes. One or two of them, I see, share the universal foible, and truckle a little to the press. If a modern judge is above that universal weakness, he is above everything but his conscience and his God. Perhaps my brilliant contemporaries have observed that solitary foible in our judges, and are resolved that Mr. Justice Brett shall not overrate their ability to gauge his intellects or his character. If that was their object, they have written well.

CHARLES READE.

August 30th, 1875.



PROTEST AGAINST THE MURDER AT LEWES JAIL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY NEWS."

SIR,—I claim the right of a good citizen to disown, before God and man, a wicked and insane act just committed in the name of the country, and therefore in mine, unless I publicly dissent.

An Englishman named Nurdock was killed yesterday at Lewes by the ministers of the law, for a crime the law of England does not visit with death. The crime was manslaughter. It is not possible that even an English judge could so mistake the law as really to take the man's crime for murder. It was destitute, not of one, two, or three, but of all the features that the law requires in murder. On the other hand, it had all the features that distinguish manslaughter. There was no murderous weapon—there was no weapon at all; no premeditation, no malice. The act was done in the confusion, hurry, and agitation of a struggle, and that struggle was commenced, not by the homicide but the victim.

As respects the animus at the time, it is clear the violence was done *alio intuitu*; the prisoner was fighting, not to kill but to escape; and that he never, from first to last aimed at killing appeared further by his remaining in the neighborhood, and his surprise and ignorance of his victim's death. In a word, it was manslaughter in its mildest form. I have seen a boy of eighteen hanged for stealing a horse. It was a barbarous act, but it was the law. I have seen a forger hanged. It was cruel, but it was the law. But now, for the first time (while murderers are con-

stantly escaping the law), I have seen an English head fall by the executioner in defiance of the law. I wash this man's blood from my hands, and from my honorable name. I disown that illegal act, and the public will follow me. I cannot say to-day where the blame lies, and in what proportions; but I will certainly find out; and as certainly all those concerned in it *populo respondebunt et mihi*.

CHARLES READE.

STARVATION REFUSING PLENTY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—The journals recorded last week the death by starvation of a respectable seamstress. Now, the death by starvation of a single young working woman is a blot upon civilization and a disgrace to humanity. It implies also great misery and much demi-starvation in the class that furnishes the extreme example. The details in this case were pitiable, and there were some comments in the *Daily Telegraph* well adapted to make men feel and think even if they never knew hunger personally. They have set me thinking for one, and I beg to offer my thoughts. I have observed, in a general way, that the world is full of live counterparts, by which I mean people that stand in need of other people, who stand equally in need of them; only these two live counterparts of the social system cannot find each other out. Distance and ignorance keep them apart. Of late the advertisement sheet has done much to cure that, and is an incalculable boon to mankind. But as there are counterpart individuals, so there are counterpart classes, and I shall ask your assistance to bring two of these classes together and substitute for starvation repetition. I see before me, say, two thousand honest, virtuous, industrious young women, working hard and half starved; and I see before me at least twenty thousand other women holding out plenty in both hands, and that plenty rejected with scorn by young women of very little merit; or, if not rejected, accepted only under vexatious and galling conditions imposed by the persons to be benefited.

Aid me, then, sir, to introduce to a starving class an oppressed and insulted and pillaged class which offers a clean, healthy lodging and no rent to pay, butcher's meat twice a day, food at all hours, tea, beer, and from £12 to £18 a year pocket-money, in return for a few hours of healthy service per day. To speak more plainly, domestic servants have become rare, owing to wholesale and most injudicious exportation; and although their incapacity in their business has greatly increased—especially the incapacity of cooks—they impose not only higher wages, but intolerable conditions. The way the modest householder is ground down by these young ladies is a grievance too large to be dealt with under this head, and will probably lead to a masters' and mistresses' league. Suffice it here to say that full forty thousand domestic servants are now

engaged yearly in London on written characters, and thirty thousand without a character; and I speak within bounds when I say that there are good places by the dozen open to any respectable seamstress. There are mistresses by the thousand who, in the present dearth of good and civil servants, would try a respectable novice. A respectable seamstress has always half a character, for she is trusted with materials and does not steal them; and the oppressed mistresses in question would forgive a few faults in housework at first starting in a woman who could compensate them by skill with the needle—no mean addition to a servant's value. I now turn to the seamstresses. Why do they sit hungry to the dullest of all labor, and hold aloof from domestic service at a time when ladies born are beginning to recognize how much better off is the rich housemaid than the poor lady? I suspect the seamstresses are deluded by two words, "liberty" and "wages." They think a female servant has no liberty, and that her principal remuneration is her "wages."

I address myself to these two errors. Our liberty is restrained by other means than bolts and bars. It is true that a female servant cannot run into the streets whenever she likes. But she sometimes goes on errands and takes her time. She slips out eternally, and gets out one evening at least every week. Then, as to wages, the very word is a delusion as far as she is concerned. Her wages are a drop in the ocean of her remuneration. She comes out of a single room, where she pigs with her relations, and she receives as remuneration for her services a nice clean room all to herself, the market price of which, and the actual cost to her employer, is at least 6s. per week; and the use of a kitchen, and in some cases of a servants' hall, which is worth 2s. per week, and the run of other bright and healthy rooms. In the crib where she pigged with her relations, she often had a bit of bacon for diuner, and a red herring for supper. In the palace of cleanliness and comfort she is promoted to, she gets at least four meals a day, and butcher's meat at two of them. This, at the present price of provisions, is 16s. per week, which is more than an agricultural laborer in the Southern counties receives wherewith to keep a wife and seven children. But, besides this, she gets a shilling a week for beer, and from a shilling to eighteen pence for washing. Besides all this she has from twelve to eighteen pounds in hard cash, with occasional presents of money and dress. The wages of her class have been raised when they ought to have been lowered. The mechanic's wages are justly raised, because the value of money depends upon the value of the necessaries of life. These have risen, and therefore money has sunk. But that rise does not affect the female servants, and it does affect those who feed them like fighting cocks. A droller piece of logic than the rise of fed servants' pocket-money because unfed servants' wages are raised. I never encountered even in Anglo-Saxony. However, the upshot is that any half-starved seamstress who will read this crude letter of mine, and make diligent inquiries, will find that I am right in the main; that domestic

servants are trampling too hard upon the people who are called their masters and mistresses; and that three thousand homes are open to a young woman who can prove that she is not a thief, and six thousand hands are offering not only plenty, but repletion, and liberal pocket-money to boot. The pay of a housemaid, in rent, fire, food, washing, beer, and pocket-money, is about £70 a year, and this hungry seamstresses can obtain if they will set about it, and without any loss of dignity: for, as a rule, servants nowadays hold their heads as high or a little higher than their mistresses do. I am, sir,

Your faithful servant,

CHARLES READE.



OUTRAGES ON THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR,—I am one of the many persons who are moved by your denunciation of the lawless cruelties perpetrated on the Jews in Russia, and the apparent connivance or apathy of the varnished savages who misgovern those barbarians. If the latter persist in that course and so make that a national crime which might otherwise remain the crime of numerous individuals, some great calamity will fall on them, or history is a blind guide; and by the same rule you give friendly advice when you urge our Government and people to protest and wash their hands before God and man of this terrible crime. I fear, however, that a mere Government protest will be slighted or evaded by Russian mendacity. Fortunately our nation can speak and act by other organs besides our Government, and now is the time to show ourselves men, and men whose hearts are horrified at the cowardly cruelty of this Tartar tribe to God's ancient people.

Let us take a wide view of this situation, since it is so great and so new in our day; for wholesale persecution of the Jews is not of this epoch, but "a reversion" to the dark ages. One of the signs that distinguish a true Christian from a sham one is that the former studies the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures with care and reverence, and there learns the debt his heart, soul, and understanding owe to historians, poets, philosophers, prophets, preachers, and teachers, some writing Greek, some Hebrew, but every one of them Jews; and also learns to pity and respect the Jewish nation, though under a cloud, and to hope for the time when they will resume their ancient territory, which is so evidently kept waiting for them. This, the hope of every Christian, is the burning and longing desire of many, for another reason—because the prophecies we receive, though obscure in matters of detail, are clear as day on two points: That the Jews are to repossess Palestine, and, indeed, to rule from Leba-

non to Euphrates; and that this event is to be the first of a great series of changes, leading to a vast improvement in the condition of poor suffering mankind and of creation in general. Now we have here in prospect a glorious event as sure as that the sun will rise to-morrow. The only difference is that the sun will rise at a certain hour, and the Jews will occupy Syria and resume their national glory at an uncertain day.

No doubt it is the foible of mankind to assume that an uncertain date must be a distant one. But that is unreasonable. Surely it is the duty of wise and sober men not to run before the Almighty in this thing; but, on the other hand, to watch precursory signs and lend our humble co-operation should so great a privilege be accorded to us. This sudden persecution of the Jews in the very nation where they are most numerous—may it not be a precursory sign and a reminder from Providence that their abiding city is not in European Tartary? I almost think some such reminder was needed; for when I was a boy the pious Jews still longed for the Holy Land. They prayed like Daniel, with their windows open toward Jerusalem. Yet, now that the broken and impoverished Saracen would cede them territory at one-tenth of its agricultural and commercial value, a cold indifference seems to have come over them. I often wonder at this change of sentiment about so great a matter and in so short a period, comparatively speaking, and puzzle myself as to the reason. Two solutions occur to me: 1. Dispersed in various nations, whose average inhabitants are inferior in intelligence and forethought to themselves, they thrive as individual aliens more than they may think so great a multitude of Jews could thrive in a land of their own, where blockheads would be scarce. 2. They have for centuries contracted their abilities to a limited number of peaceful arts and trades; they may distrust their power to diversify their abilities, and be suddenly a complete nation, with soldiers, sailors, merchants, husbandmen, as well as financiers and artists.

If I should happen to be anywhere near the mark in these suggestions, let me offer a word in reply to both objections. In the first place, they both prove too much, for they would keep the Jews dispersed for ever. It is certain, therefore, they will have to be got over some day, and, therefore, the sooner the better. As to objection one, it is now proved that sojourning among inferior nations has more drawbacks than living at home. True, the Russian yokel has for years been selling to the Jews his summer labor in winter, and at a heavy discount. But the silly, improvident brute has turned like a wild beast upon them, and, outwitted lawfully, has massacred them contrary to law; and truly Solomon had warned them there is no animal more dangerous than a fool and a brute beast without understanding. Besides, they need not evacuate other countries in a hurry and before the resources of their own land are developed. *Dimidium facti qui bene cepit habet.* Palestine can be colonized effectually from Russia alone, where there are 3,000,000 Jews trembling for life and property; and the rest would follow. As to the second objection, History is a looking-glass at our backs. Turn round and look into it

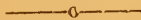
with your head as well as your eyes, and you shall see the future. Whatever Jews have done Jews may do. They are a people of genius, and genius is not confined by Nature, but by will, by habit, or by accident. To omit to try is not to fail. What have this people tried heartily and failed in? Warriors, writers, builders, merchants, law-givers, husbandmen, and supreme in all!

When they will consent to rise to their destiny I know not, but this I do know, that, whenever they do, not excessive calculations, but some faith, will be expected from them, as it always has been, as a condition of their triumphs, and they will prove equal to the occasion, and be great in the arts of peace and war, and their enemies melt away before them like snow off a dike. Should they seem to require help, at starting, from any other nation, blessed will be the nation that proffers it; and the nation that persecutes them will be made an example of in some way or other. Therefore, if by any chance this recent outrage should decide the Jewish leaders to colonize Palestine from Russia, let us freely offer ships, seamen, money—whatever we are asked for. It will be a better national investment than Egyptian, Brazilian, or Peruvian bonds. Meantime, I implore our divines to separate themselves, and all the souls under their charge, in all the churches and chapels of the land, from the crime of those picture-worshipping idolaters and cowardly murderers, by public disavowal and prayerful humiliation, since the monsters call themselves Christians.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES READE.

3, BLOOMFIELD VILLAS, UXBRIDGE ROAD.



DIALOGUE BETWEEN A JUDGE AND A JAILER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH."

SIR.—At Christmas imagination runs rife; Pantomimes threaten, wherein Wisdom will be kept within bounds by Fancy; and even in our columns I have just read a Dream, and found it interesting. May I then profit by your temporary leniency and intrude into the sacred *Telegraph* a dialogue? It is imaginary, but not idle; it may do good, and make Power think instead of thinking it thinks—a common but hurtful habit.

SCENE—*The Old Bailey.*

The Judge. Is the Jailer present?

Mr. Holdfast. Here, my lord.

Judge. I sentence this man to four months' imprisonment, with hard labor: you understand?

Holdfast. Perfectly, my lord. You mean unwholesome labor,

and as much as he can do and a little more. So then when he falls short, we reduce his diet to increase his strength, since it has proved unequal; this to be continued in a circle, and take his bed every now and then and let him lie on a plank.

Judge. What! hard labor, yet short diet, with the addition of cold at night and broken rest! Why, this is not Detention, it is Destruction—either to man or beast. No, sir, I do not condemn this man to imprisonment for life—he is not a murderer—I give him just four months, no more, no less, and in that sentence it is clearly implied that at the end of four months he is to come out, improved in his habits by labor, and in his body by regular meals, of simple, nourishing food, with no alcohol.

Holdfast. Excuse me, my lord; the Act of Parliament authorizes a jailor to reduce a prisoner's diet and inflict other punishments.

Judge. Ay, at safe intervals; but not in quick repetition, nor in unreasonable conjunction—hard labor on the heels of privation, and cold on the top of both. These things *united* soon exhaust the body. Your Act of Parliament contains no clause, that can be read in a court of law, to repeal the law of England regarding so great a matter as homicide. That immortal law, which was here before these little trumpety Acts of Parliament, made to-day to be repealed to-morrow, and will be here after Parliament itself has run its course, deals with the case thus: If A, having the legal charge of B, and keeping him in *duress*, so that he cannot possibly obtain the necessaries of life elsewhere, subjects him to privation of food, rest, etc., and otherwise so shortens his life directly or indirectly by sheer exhaustion of the body, or by any disease which is a natural result of multiplied privations and hardships, A can be indicted for a felony; and he will be tried, not by any officer of State assuming unconstitutional powers, but constitutionally, by the Queen in the person of her judge, and by the country in the person of its jury.

Holdfast. They would never find a jailer guilty, not if a dozen of the scum died in their term of imprisonment.

Judge. It is not for me to say. They are getting more intelligent, like the rest of us. Certainly it would be their duty to demand good evidence, and the true facts are hard to get at in a jail. Acton and Fleetwood destroyed many prisoners, yet were acquitted on trial. But at all events dismiss from your mind that a jailer can plead the Act of Parliament, or any purely legal defense, to bloodless destruction of a British subject in *duress*. Keep strictly to my sentence. It is not only the sentence of the Queen and the law, but it is expressly proportioned to the verdict of the country. Four months in a house of detention, not destruction, a house of correction, not a subtle shambles. The sentence has two limits, both equally absolute. If, during the four months, you turn this man into the street, you are indictable for a misdemeanor; if, during the four months, you thrust him cannily into his grave, you are indictable for a felony; and, should I be the judge to try you, it will be my duty to tell the jury that you took this prisoner, not from the clouds,

nor from any Government official, with no power to sentence man, woman, nor child, where I sit, but from me: and that I sentenced him, in your hearing, to four months' imprisonment, and not to imprisonment for life.

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES READE.

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, CHRISTMAS DAY.

[THE END.]





OUT OF THE MIRE

many a family has been raised by the genuine philanthropy of modern progress and of modern opportunities. But many people do not avail of them. They jog along in their old ways until they are stuck fast in a mire of hopeless dirt. Friends desert them, for they have already deserted themselves by neglecting their own best interests. Out of the dirt of kitchen, or hall or parlor, any house can be quickly brought by the use of Sapolio which is sold by all grocers at 10c. a cake.

SOCIAL SOLUTIONS

(Solutions Sociales).

By M. GODIN,

Founder of the Familistère at Guise; Prominent Leader of Industries in France and Belgium; Member of the National Assembly.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY
MARIE HOWLAND.

1 vol., 12mo, illustrated, cloth gilt, \$1.50.

An admirable English translation of M. Godin's statement of the course of study which led him to conceive the Social Palace at Guise, France. There is no question that this publication will mark an era in the growth of the labor question. It should serve as the manual for organized labor in its present contest, since its teachings will as surely lead to the destruction of the wages system as the abolition movement lead to that of chattel slavery.

JOHN W. LOVELL CO., Publishers,

14 and 16 Vesey Street,

NEW YORK.

JAMES PYLE'S



PEARLINE

THE BEST
WASHING COMPOUND
EVER INVENTED.

No Lady, Married or Single, Rich or Poor, Housekeeping or Boarding, will be without it after testing its utility.

Sold by all first-class Grocers, but beware of worthless imitations

LOVELL'S LIBRARY.

LATEST ISSUES.

820	Shane Fadh's Wedding, by Carleton.	20	873	Asphodel, by M. E. Braddon.	20
821	Larry McFarland's Wake, by William Carleton.	10	874	Nine of Hearts, by B. L. Farjeon.	20
822	The Party Fight and Funeral, by William Carleton.	10	875	Little Tu'penny, by Baring-Gould.	10
823	The Midnight Mass, by Carleton.	10	876	The Witch's Head, by H. Rider Haggard.	20
824	Phil Purcel, by William Carleton.	10	877	The Doctor's Wife, by Braddon.	20
825	An Irish Oath, by Carleton.	10	878	Only a Clod, by M. E. Braddon.	20
826	Going to Maynooth, by Carleton.	10	879	Sir Ja-per's Tenant, by Braddon.	20
827	Phelim O'Toole's Courtship, by William Carleton.	10	880	Lady's Mile, by M. E. Braddon.	20
828	Domnick the Poor Scholar, by William Carleton.	10	881	Birds of Prey, by M. E. Braddon.	20
829	Neal Malone, by William Carleton.	10	882	Charlotte's Inheritance, by M. E. Braddon.	20
830	Twilight Club Tracts, by Wingate.	20	883	Rupert Godwin, by M. E. Braddon.	20
831	The Son of His Father, by Oliphant.	20	884	The Son of Monte Cristo, Part I.	20
832	Sir Percival, by J. H. Shorthouse.	10	884	The Son of Monte Cristo, Part II.	20
833	A Voyage to the Cape, by Russell.	20	885	Monte Cristo and his Wife.	20
834	Jack's Courtship, by Russell.	20	886	Strangers and Pilgrims, by M. E. Braddon.	20
835	A Sailor's Sweetheart, by Russell.	20	887	A Strange World, by M. E. Braddon.	20
836	On the Fo'ksle Head, by Russell.	20	888	Mount Royal, by M. E. Braddon.	20
837	Marked "In Haste," by Roosevelt.	20	889	Just as I am, by M. E. Braddon.	20
838	The George-Hewitt Campaign.	20	890	Dead Men's Shoes, by Braddon.	20
839	The Guilty River, by Collins.	10	891	The Countess of Monte Cristo, Pt. I.	20
840	By Woman's Wit, by Alexander.	20	891	The Countess of Monte Cristo, Pt. II.	20
841	Dr. Cupid, by Rhoda Broughton.	20	892	Hostages to Fortune, by M. E. Braddon.	20
842	The World Went Very Well Then, by Walter Besant.	20	893	Fenton's Quest, by M. E. Braddon.	20
843	My Lord and My Lady, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	894	The Cloven Foot, by M. E. Braddon.	20
844	Dolores, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	895	Moonshine, by Frederic Allison Tupper.	20
845	I Have Lived and Loved, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	896	Marjorie, by B. M. Clay.	20
846	An Algonquin Maiden, by Adams.	20	897	Shirley, by Charlotte Brontë.	20
847	The Ho'y Rose, by Walter Besant.	10	898	Joan Wentworth by Katherine S. Macquoid.	20
848	She, by H. Rider Haggard.	20	899	Love and Life, by Yonge.	20
849	Handy Andy, by Samuel Lover.	20	900	Jess, by H. Rider Haggard.	20
850	My Hero, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	901	Charles Auchester, by E. Berger.	20
851	Lorna Doone, by Blackmore, Pt. I.	20	902	The Mystery, by Mrs. Henry Wood.	20
851	Lorna Doone, by Blackmore, Pt. II.	20	903	The Master Passion, by Marryat.	20
852	Friendship, by Ouida.	20	904	A Lucky Disappointment, by Florence Marryat.	10
854	Signa, by Ouida.	20	905	Her Lord and Master, by Marryat.	20
855	Pascarel, by Ouida.	20	906	My Own Child, by Marryat.	20
856	Golden Bells, by B. L. Farjeon.	10	907	No Intentions, by Florence Marryat.	20
857	A Willful Young Woman.	20	908	Written in Fire, by Marryat.	20
858	A Modern Telemachus, by Yonge.	20	909	A Little Stepson, by Marryat.	10
859	Viva, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	910	With Cupid's Eyes, by Marryat.	20
860	Omnia Vanitas, by Mrs. Forrester.	10	911	Not Like Other Girls, by Rosa Nonchette Carey.	20
861	Diana Carew, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	912	Robert Ord's Atopement, by Rosa Nonchette Carey.	20
862	From Olympus to Hades, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	913	Griffith Gaunt, by Charles Reade.	20
863	Rhona, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	914	A Terrible Temptation, by Reade.	20
864	Roy and Viola, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	915	Very Hard Cash, by Charles Reade.	20
865	June, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	916	It is Never Too Late to Mend, by Charles Reade.	20
866	Mignon, Mrs. Forrester.	20	917	The Knightsbridge Mystery, by Charles Reade.	10
867	A Young Man's Fancy, by Mrs. Forrester.	20	918	A Woman Hater, by Charles Reade.	20
868	One Thing Needful, by Braddon.	20	919	Readiana, by Charles Reade.	10
869	Barbara, by M. E. Braddon.	20	920	John: A Love Story, by Mrs. Oliphant.	20
870	John Marchmont's Legacy, by M. E. Braddon.	20	921	The Merry Men, by Stevenson.	20
871	Joshua Haggard's Daughter, by M. E. Braddon.	20			
872	Taken at the Flood, by Braddon.	20			

Any of the above can be obtained from all booksellers and newsdealers, or will be sent free by mail, on receipt of price, by the publisher.

JOHN W. LOVELL & CO.

Nos. 14 AND 16 VESSEY STREET.

K.



The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the uterus, or womb and its appendages, in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequalled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It promotes digestion and assimilation of food, cures nausea, weakness of stomach, indigestion, bloating and eructations of gas.

As a soothing and strengthening nerve, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded of pure, unadulterated and skillfully prepared ingredients, adapted to woman's delicate system. It is purely vegetable in origin and

perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhœa, or "whites," excessive flowing at monthly periods, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with internal heat.

In pregnancy, "Favorite Prescription" is a "mother's cordial," relieving nausea, weakness of stomach and other distressing symptoms common to that condition. If its use is kept up in the latter months of gestation, it so prepares the system for delivery as to greatly lessen, and many times almost entirely do away with the sufferings of that trying ordeal.

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes blood taints, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

Treating the Wrong Disease.—Many times women call on their family physicians, suffering, as they imagine, one from dyspepsia, another from heart disease, another from liver or kidney disease, another from nervous exhaustion or prostration, another with pain here or there, and in this way they all present alike to themselves and their easy-going and indifferent, or over-busy doctor, separate and distinct diseases, for which he prescribes his pills and potions, assuming them to be such, when, in reality, they are all only symptoms caused by some womb disorder. The physician, ignorant of the cause of suffering, encourages his practice until large bills are made. The suffering patient gets no better, but probably worse by reason of the delay, wrong treatment and consequent complications. A proper medicine, like Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, directed to the cause would have entirely removed the disease, thereby dispelling all those distressing symptoms, and instituting comfort instead of prolonged misery.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women sold, by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years. Large bottles (100 doses) \$1.00, or six bottles for \$5.00.

Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's large, illustrated Treatise (160 pages) on Diseases of Women. Address, World's Dispensary, Medical Association, No. 668 MAIN STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.

PEARS' SOAP

A LUXURY
FOR
SHAVING.



PEARS
SHAVING
SOAP

12 MONTHS OF COMFORT FOR 12 PENCE

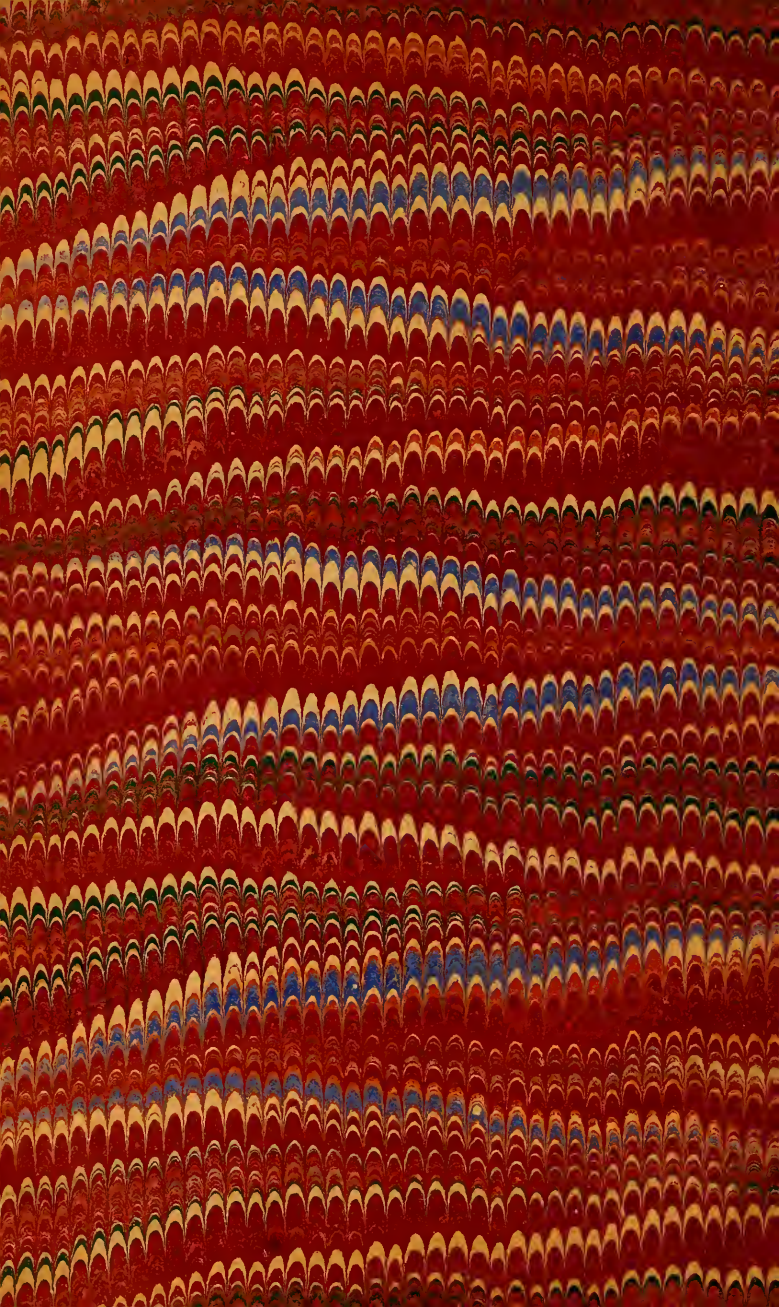
PEARS' TRANSPARENT SHAVING STICK.

100 years established as the cleanest and best preparation for SHAVING. it makes a profuse, Creamy, and Fragrant Lather, which leaves the Skin smooth, clean, cool and comfortable.

SOAP & CASE 1/-

PEARS' SOAP, the Great English Complexion Soap, is sold throughout the United States, and all other parts of the world, and its praises are heard and echoed everywhere.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 433 572 7

